

THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

Greatest
Circulation
in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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Week of July 6, 1947



Beauty on Parade

A SERIES OF PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT

Can England Be Invaded?

John Paul Jones

Did It

By Philip Drew

A LITTLE after sunset, the wind gentle from the west and the sea calm, Captain John Paul Jones, of the man-of-war *Ranger*, summoned his crew and called for volunteers.

It was the soft evening of April 22, 1778, an hour to remember now that celebrations are marking the bicentennial of the Captain's birth on July 6. By the grace of God, he told his men that night, he and they before dawn would humble the proudest isle on earth.

Their frigate of 18 six-pound guns, disguised as an innocent merchantman and unattended by any other craft, he said, would prove to England and the world that England, boast as she might of a navy unsurpassed, could be invaded.

To John Paul Jones, small and slender, dark of face and eyes and hair, his own words must have had a brave sound. He'd kept them in his mind for months, while the *Ranger* was a building, and on her first voyage across the Atlantic, and all through this last day as she had taken shelter under the southern shore of Scotland.

Now, as he spoke to the volunteers, his secret was out. He meant to raid the mused British shipping at Whitehaven, on the northwest coast of England, and burn it.

"My object," he said later, "was to put an end to English burnings in America by making one good fire of shipping in England."

His object, seen today in retrospect, was to do with one frigate what Philip II of Spain, Napoleon of France and Hitler of Germany at other times wanted to do, and despaired of—invade England.

The *Ranger*, flying a Dutch pennant and an English jack at the main topgallant masthead for disguise, was ready. Captain Jones, 31, still to make history with the *Bonhomme Richard* and become the "father of the navy," was ready. But the crew, short of grog and discontented, wasn't. Volunteers stepped up slowly.

Finally there were enough of them, their sullen faces lighting as they caught the Captain's ardor.

"I shall be the first ashore," he said. "I shall be the last to leave."

Through the night the plan took form. The *Ranger* stood over from the Scottish coast, with England ahead. Two pulling boats were made ready for lowering. In each there was a supply of flint and tinder, and of pine faggots and torches. Every sailor had his pistol and his cutlass.

Captain Jones was his own pilot. As a boy of 12, he'd first taken ship in these waters. He still knew townsfolk in Whitehaven. His relatives were in Arbigland, 30 miles across the Solway. Old friends lived near by in Kirkcudbright, where he had received his first command, the *John*.

None knew better than he that it was a strange homecoming, as the *Ranger* at midnight came on to Whitehaven.

Now the wind grew light and, as the Captain said later, "both the opposing tide and the considerable distance to the shore, imperfectly estimated in the darkness, made the rowing an unexpectedly arduous and long task."

The small boats from the *Ranger* didn't plop in toward Whitehaven's outer pier until dawn began to break.

For an unprecedented invasion—or, call it a desperate and audacious raid—the prospects were not good. Captain Jones had not foreseen that the last few hours before the foray might undo him.

"I would not, however, abandon my enterprise," he reported later. He dispatched one boat with combustibles to the north side of the harbor. He, in the other boat, led the landing party on the south side.

Above him, dimly, loomed White-

haven's fort. It was his challenge. There in the thinning dawn it stood, a bulwark of England against a fiery-eyed man of five feet seven, with only a small boatload of skeptical volunteers back of him.

As the boat came into the beach, John Paul Jones was out first.

"Now, prove yourselves to me and to your country!" he cried, and he ran for the fort. For a moment, stirred by his daring, the others followed bravely.

They lacked ladders, but were not hindered. Captain Jones directed them. By mounting upon the shoulders of the heaviest, strongest crewmen, they poured through the embrasures. Captain Jones was first.

The sentinels—and all England for that matter—had not in wildest dream foreseen such a raid. So the sentinels were dozing in a guardroom. Captain Jones' men surged upon them.

"We took the fort by storm," the Captain reported afterward. "We spiked 36 cannon of the fort and bat-

tery, and I advanced at length to the southern part of the harbor to burn all the ships there."

That was a hard moment for John Paul Jones. He didn't forthwith burn all the ships there. In the full light of dawn, now, he stopped in his tracks and saw coming back toward him the boatload of sailors he'd dispatched to the northern end of the harbor. He saw they'd left nothing afire behind them.

"We were alarmed," one cried. "There were noises," said another.

"It was best to return," a third made quick to explain.

"I shall go on," said Captain Jones.

"The day came on apace," he later reported, "yet I would by no means retreat while any hope of success remained."

He did go on. With a few loyal sailors, he reached the steerage of a large ship, the *Thompson*. They kindled a fire. They poured on a barrel of tar. As they made their way back, the flames rose high.

Around the ship were about 150 others, side by side, aground. At the northern arm of the harbor there were 70 more. But only the *Thompson* burned.

Its fire, alone, was enough to stir the town's populace. By now it was eight o'clock in the morning. Hundreds began to converge upon the wharfs.

The Captain and his men made their departure swiftly, true to his word, last to leave. They hadn't burned the massed shipping. But they'd invaded England. They'd made the Captain's point.



Illustrated by
LEE CONREY

A Yankee Invaded England! Although Napoleon or Hitler Couldn't Do So, It Really Has Been Accomplished, and by an American—John Paul Jones.



DOCTORS PROVE 2 out of 3 Women can have LOVELIER SKIN IN 14 DAYS!



YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 DAYS!

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

Less Oily...
Smoother, Younger-looking...
Less Coarse-looking...
Fewer Tiny Blemishes...
Less Incipient Blackheads...
Fresher...
Brighter, Clearer Color...



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Soap can never save you work like this great **NEW SUDS** made by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet!

VEL* cuts dishwashing time in half!

Dishes, glassware gleam without wiping!

Vel gives you extra leisure time! Just wash and rinse... dishes, glassware and silver will dry sparkling clear without a minute spent on wiping! Vel leaves no soap scum or streaky film to polish away. Removes grease faster, more completely than soap... leaves no dishpan ring to scrub out. Vel cleans dishes cleaner than soap and saves up to half your dishwashing time!

MILDER TO HANDS! Vel is not a soap but an entirely new and different suds that is completely neutral... milder than soap.

Stockings stay lovelier, sheerer-looking!

Stockings look sheerer... stay lovelier longer... with Vel! Vel leaves no soap scum to coarsen delicate threads or to cloud colors. No soap-fading. Many delicate washable colors stay bright up to ten times as long with Vel as with soap! Vel keeps new wools softer, fluffier than soap.



*VEL is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.



By William Engle

DOWN dusty little Yazoo Street, with its one-story stores and parked cars baking in the Mississippi sun, Hazel Brannon walked briskly, her head held high. If any townspeople thought she ought to be ashamed, they were wrong. She felt now just as she had felt before she had been adjudged guilty of contempt of court.

She was new at being branded guilty and as she turned into the office of the town's newspaper, the Lexington Advertiser, she wanted to speak her mind. There she could do it, being publisher. "I'm not subdued and I'm not bowed down," she said. "I'll carry this case to the Supreme Court of Mississippi."

She had just been held in contempt for having questioned a manslaughter witness in a courthouse corridor while the witness still had been technically under the court's jurisdiction.

The judge had called her conduct illegal. Others had called it one more example of the spirit of one of the spunkiest editors in the South.

For two years, Miss Hazel has been fighting lawlessness in Holmes County. Her conviction for contempt last fall didn't interrupt her. Her exonerated, on appeal, by the State's Supreme Court this spring, has given her new gunption. She's kept on fighting in one of the oldest struggles against racketeering in the United States.

Holmes County, one-third in the delta and two-thirds in the hills, is dry by law like the remainder of Mississippi. Actually, it is soaking wet. There, the bootleggers, in violence and corruption, are making their vicious stand.

The county by law bars slot machines, too. Actually, slot machines are clanging openly.

"I'll fight them to a finish," says Miss Hazel, and her dark eyes snap. "I'm against bootlegging and slot machines because they breed crime in this county. I'm not against alcoholic beverages. I'd have them legalized. I'd put the bootleggers out of business."

"I'm for enforcement of laws."

Miss Hazel is 32 years old now, and she knows

FIGHTING Lady

the country weekly business. She was graduated from high school at 16, had two years on a weekly newspaper in Alabama, went through the University of Alabama in three years and then came upon the chance to own a paper of her own.

The little Durant News, in Holmes County, was for sale, and she borrowed \$3,000 to buy it. She worked out every cent of the debt, and kept an eye on near-by Lexington, the county seat.

Four years ago, again with borrowed money, she bought the Lexington Advertiser, founded in 1837, the third oldest newspaper in the state.

At first, she was satisfied to run a conventional county seat weekly, with the headlines going to the Lexington Country Club costume party and the Garden Club's annual flower show.

The personals were homey and trivial, precisely the kind that a good weekly editor knows can't help but appeal. There were items such as, "Mrs. Sam Hutton extended hospitality to the faculty of Tchula High School Thursday afternoon with a Drop In party. Delicious refreshments of congealed fruit salad, crackers, sandwiches, and cookies were served."

EVEN the Classified Ads were readable, too. For they had the flavor of the region. There were offers such as this: "For sale: Wild winter peas, double cleaned." There were warnings such as this: "Posted: Against hunting and hogs without rings. All of my land in the county."

There wasn't much in the Advertiser's columns to indicate that besides the commonplace goings-on in Holmes County there was a deepening con-

tempt for law and a rising tide of violence.

As Miss Hazel began to be aware of this, she put the news of it into the paper. The outside left column of the front page has a standing headline: "Through Hazel Eyes." Beneath that, under her own name, Miss Hazel each week writes her reports of local affairs and her reactions.

She opened up mildly against the forces which she later was going to blast.

"Slot machines running on the premises at the time of the raids were not molested by the county officers making the raids," she wrote, in reporting routine sheriff's work. "The sheriff in making the return did not certify whether gambling devices were found even though there is a specific place on the search warrant for this."

"There is evidently a loose connection somewhere that needs tightening up."

AFTER that, she struck, week after week, against the failure of officials to seize slot machines and against the increase in bootlegging.

"Today we have one joint after another lining the highways going in and out of every town in the county," she declared. "Slot machines are seen in practically all of them. Drinking, drunkenness, cursing, fighting going on."

"The places are full of lawlessness and corruption, and not fit, even safe, for sober people."

"There are plenty of people in Holmes County who enjoy a drink, but, like the writer, feel that such places should not remain a challenge to everything decent."

Although whiskey is illegal in Holmes County, dealers report sales of it to the State of Mississippi and the state collects what is called a Black Market Tax.

"This doesn't make sense," Miss Hazel explains. "It's just the fact."

To prove it, she printed itemized statements showing sales and tax, with a story saying:

"Holmes County whiskey dealers and bootleggers sold \$241,888 worth of whiskey (wholesale price) during the last nine months, according to records in the State Tax Collector's office."

The liquor was distributed to the 'manifold little joints which Miss Hazel repeatedly pointed out were breeding crime."

"There are broken homes and broken hearts today in Holmes County because joints like these are allowed to operate," she wrote. "Then she put enforcement up to Sheriff Walter Murtagh."

"This combined racket of whiskey and gambling could be stopped by the sheriff if enough pressure were brought to bear. There is no place in the state where the law is flaunted more openly than here in Holmes County."

"Conditions are growing worse. They will be no better until an aroused citizenry acts."

BY THIS time, the racketeers were muttering behind drawn shades. Miss Hazel was going too far. She'd have to be taken care of.

Not much in Holmes County escaped Miss Hazel, including this. In her column, she snapped:

"I should like to warn those persons responsible for rumors that you better watch your step. You who are trying to impugn my motives don't amount to anything, anyway. I'm no lily-white reformer, but the people of Holmes County don't want organized crime here."

Still, when the spring grand jury convened a year ago, it stayed in session only six hours and ignored organized crime.

Miss Hazel stepped into her little car, with the trusted Negro youth who drives her everywhere, and she took a ride as effective as Paul Revere's. Up and down Holmes County, the dust rolled out behind her. The people heard her challenge.

"The racketeers are winning. It's up to us."

At house after house, honest people rallied around her.

TWO hundred signed a petition demanding that Circuit Judge S. F. Davis call the grand jury back and order a fearless probe of lawlessness.

The judge agreed. The jury reconvened. Then from the big houses and the little houses, down the streets of Lexington, 116 men and women walked to the Holmes County Courthouse.

They walked for decency's sake and for Miss Hazel, and she walked with them. They went as witnesses for her cause and they testified.

This time Miss Hazel got action from the grand jury. At the end of a three-day session, it returned 54 indictments, of which 52 were against slot machine and liquor racketeers.

They were rounded up, jailed and fined and as

"I'm Not Subdued and I'm Not Bowed Down," Said Miss Hazel Brannon, Editor, and a State Supreme Court Today Stands With Her in Her Extraordinary Fight to Lift a Blight From Her Little Home Town.

Holmes County Grand Jury Returns 54 True Bills; 52 Involve Prohibition-Gambling Violations

The Lexington Advertiser
Citizens Asked To Come Before Grand Jury Monday

Holmes County Editor Charged With Contempt Of Court; Hearing Set For Monday Morning



Editor

The Sordid Little Racketeers Thought They Had Hazel Brannon on the Run When She Was Found Guilty of Contempt of Court— But That Was Only the Beginning.



The Courageous Young Foe of Corruption and Lawlessness Looked Up, and Saw Trouble in the Doorway. "Miss Hazel," Said the Deputy Sheriff, "the Judge Wants to See You."

a filip to Miss Hazel's triumph, the jury castigated Sheriff Murtagh for neglect.

"Sheriff Murtagh can do only one of two things now," the young editor declared in the next issue of the Advertiser. "He can start raiding every joint in Holmes County every day until all are forced to close their doors forever, or resign."

Within two weeks occurred the episode that brought her a fine and sentence to jail.

DURING a manslaughter trial, Miss Hazel arrived at the courthouse one day just after an important witness had finished testifying.

Meeting the witness in the courthouse corridor, Miss Hazel asked:

"What did you testify?"

The witness didn't answer. Deputy Sheriff Harvey Nabors interfered.

"You get on into the sheriff's office and don't talk to nobody," he ordered.

Miss Hazel flushed. "Just a minute," she said.

"Why can't this woman talk to me? I'm going to talk to her and she's merely going to tell me what she just said in court."

THE deputy sheriff took the witness on into the sheriff's office and Miss Hazel, very angry, went back to her newspaper. There, she was writing a story when a few minutes later the deputy sheriff entered.

"Miss Hazel, the judge would like to see you." He didn't inform her, and she didn't know, that she then was under arrest, as she was.

"Tell him I'll be up in a few minutes," she replied, and went on with her story.

Ten minutes later he came to her again and told her not to keep the judge waiting, so she went along. Court had adjourned. Judge Davis—27 years on the bench—was smoking his pipe.

"What do you mean questioning a witness in this court?" he demanded.

"She wasn't in court," Miss Hazel said. "Court had adjourned."

"She was under the rule of the court."

"I'd no idea that she was," replied Miss Hazel.

"You can't interfere with a witness," the judge said.

Next day she was in court. "You had better:

Illustrated by BENTON CLARK

get you a lawyer," the judge told her. The following Monday she was in court with two lawyers.

A technicality, however, undid her, even the full and sincere apology which she offered for having broken a court rule did not help.

"I know the job it is to clean up Holmes County and I don't believe you can do it," he said.

"I am of the opinion that when Gabriel blows his horn and rolls back the scroll of heaven, he will find the world like it is today."

"I admire your spunk but doubt your judgment and must act accordingly."

HE found her guilty, fined her \$50 and sentenced her to 15 days in jail, then suspended sentence for two years.

If Miss Hazel was abashed, she didn't show it. She appealed the case to the Mississippi Supreme Court and on her front page she headlined her arrest and conviction.

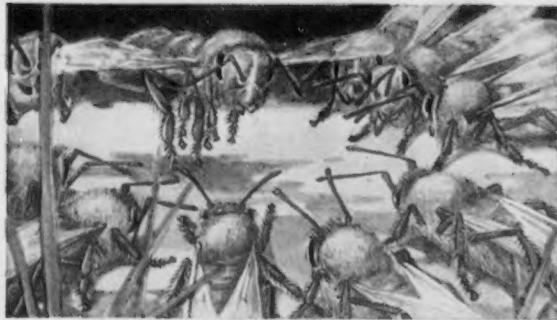
Comment on her own sentence she left to Major Frederick Sullens, whose editorial in the Jackson (Miss.) News she reprinted. Major Sullens entitled his article "An Outrageous Sentence," and this was his parting shot:

"Our guess is that our Supreme Court, when Miss Brannon's appeal comes up for hearing, is going to slap the ears of that circuit judge right down under his toenails."

Major Sullens, it turns out, was prophetic. In upholding Miss Hazel, the Supreme Court has ruled: "Freedom of the press is no idle and meaningless term."



Air-Conditioning the Hive. By Flapping Their Wings at the Entrance, Bees Keep the Interior of Their Home and Storehouse Cool.



When a Bee Returns Well Laden From a Nectar Hunt, He "Dances" Just Outside the Hive. Other Bees Recognize the Dance and Follow Their Noses to Flowers With the Same Smell.

Busy Bee Ballet

WHY do the bees dance, when they bring the nectar and pollen of blossoms to their home hive? Science has found the answer, and it turns out to be of immense use to man.

By her Terpsichorean movements the busy working bee "speaks" to her fellow working females. Her message is simply this, "Come and smell me, all of you. I found some flowers that contain nectar and pollen, which I've brought back for our use. Why don't you fly to the same flowers?"

The other bees wing away in search of the source of that odor.

The interests of bees and men happen to be the same; honey, wax, pollination and fertilization of plants.

Thus the scientific study of the dance language of the bees, first made by ingenious methods by Prof. Karl von Frisch of the University of Munich, has great practical value. For example, Dr. Rudolf G. Schmieder, of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, tricks the bees into visiting blossoms for which they do not seem to have an inborn liking. In one trial, he placed a cardboard perfumed by a scented oil near a hive. He fed a few bees of this colony on a sweet solution placed on the cardboard. When they returned to the comb and performed their ballet, other bees flew out to the source of the oil smell.

The bees could be sent to any flower whose odor had been added to the dish of syrup on which a few of them had been fed. At certain times bees have to be fed on special food, consisting of pollen, soybean flour and some yeast.

Scientists are investigating the vision of the bees, so that they might be trained by sight. Bees cannot see red and orange as well as blue and violet. They can see ultra-violet light.

Bees have "air conditioning" methods of their own. They flap their wings over the cells of the hive, in which nectar is deposited. Nectar, the sweet fluid of blossoms, contains 80 per cent water, which is evaporated. The thickened syrup, which is left, becomes honey. Evaporation of water cools the hive. Honey contains some water, sugar, starch and a number of nutritional and medicinal substances—amino acids, vitamins, iron, potassium, sodium, calcium.

From pollen the bees obtain protein.

The ballet of the bee is part of a dance of life between three partners—bee, man and flower.



Red Clover Isn't Attractive to Bees, but It Is an Excellent Source of Nectar. So Apathists "Load" the Clover Patch With a Dish of Heavy-Scented Syrup, and Remove It After the Bees Have Gone to Work on the Blossoms.

Illustrated by
HASHIME MURAYAMA

6 July 6, 1947

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Whenever a Store Article Appealed to Auli Weatherwax She Took It Without Benefit of Purchase—What She Didn't Know Was That the Salesgirls Were Wise and That the Purloined Goods Would Find Their Way Onto Her Husband's Bill.



By Jack Stone

SHE wore a pink coat and diamonds that must have cost a small fortune. She had the manner, too, of a woman of wealth and social position.

So it seemed absurd to suspect her of being a shoplifter.

But what was the meaning of that excited flicker in her eye each time she examined something that attracted her?

If she was rich, why didn't she go ahead and buy it, instead of fingering it and prying it and moving on to repeat the odd performance at another counter?

First spotted by a floorwalker, she was shadowed by a woman detective the rest of that afternoon, as she sauntered from department to department in one of the large stores in Portland, Oregon.

The climax came at the glove counter.

Glancing right and left, she slipped a pair of party gloves into her pocketbook.

A hand gripped her arm. Pulling away, she smashed her fist into the nose of the woman detective, who rallied and subdued her with a headlock.

"V-ll!" she said, as soon as she got her breath. "No one has ever

treated me like this before. I'm Mrs. Clifford Weatherwax of Burlingame, California."

Much to the surprise of the store management and police authorities, both statements turned out to be correct.

She was Mrs. Weatherwax—the same socially prominent Mrs. Auli Weatherwax whose will leaving half a million dollars to James A. Croudice, her business adviser for 20 years, is now being contested in San Francisco by her ten nieces and nephews—and she had never been treated like that before, nor was she ever treated like that again.

That distressing experience in Portland occurred more than 20 years ago, on the one occasion when eccentric Auli Weatherwax strayed away from home territory and set out alone—and unprotected—on one of her exuberant shopping trips.

She enjoyed an enviable reputation as a charming hostess, a sparkling conversationalist, a cultured lady of ease. Her husband had nothing more strenuous to occupy his time than chasing a polo ball or balancing the books on his numerous financial holdings.

What made her steal those party gloves?

In Portland's Municipal Court, she said she didn't know. Meekly, she told the judge:

"I seem to have taken the gloves,

because this woman found them in my possession. But it was done absent-mindedly. There's no other explanation I can think of."

There was another explanation, however, brought forward in her defense and it won her release.

She was reputed to be a kleptomaniac—a victim of an irresistible impulse to steal, just for the thrill of it.

There's a difference of opinion about kleptomania. Some authorities maintain that there really is such a mental disorder compelling its victims to steal as a compensation for various emotional frustrations.

Others contend that the term is an impressive way of excusing the conduct of persons who could well afford to buy the things they appropriate but prefer to get them without paying for them.

The recent death of Mrs. Weatherwax, at the age of 78, and the subsequent contest over her will, has focused attention again on the controversial question of whether or not there really is such a psychological disturbance as kleptomania.

For many years, Auli was protected by a sort of benevolent conspiracy set up by her husband, Clifford M. Weatherwax, the millionaire polo player who died under mysterious circumstances in New York City in 1939.

Auli's friends had discovered long ago that it wasn't safe to leave their trinkets where they might tempt her, but they regarded her peculiar habit

as an affliction and understood her.

Her husband understood her, too. He kept unlimited charge accounts in the principal San Francisco stores and left detailed instructions on how his wife's inclinations should be treated.

Salesgirls were briefed in advance on the Weatherwax penchant. They never turned Auli in. The purloined goods simply went on the Weatherwax bill—carte blanche on the amount in return for secrecy on the method.

Little did Mrs. Weatherwax know that her comings and goings were welcomed enthusiastically in every store in town.

Sometimes Auli would stroll into a shop and look over the most expensive creations in stock. Nothing was ever quite what she wanted. She'd leave, to return hours later, surreptitiously gather up the refused merchandise and wend her way homeward.

What she never suspected was that the salesgirls had left the goods within easy reach and that before she entered the elevator the "purchases" had already been itemized for her husband's statement.

The only time the benevolent conspiracy broke down was on that unfortunate trip to Portland.

Just before the war Weatherwax and his wife went to New York City. There, one evening as they were about to retire, Weatherwax suggested they go for a walk. Auli demurred. Weatherwax went alone.

Some time between midnight and dawn he was beaten, robbed and left dying on the street. What happened is anybody's guess. Not even the offer of a \$5,000 reward has brought forth the truth.

John Valentine, New York cab driver, told a homicide court months later that Weatherwax had entered

his cab at 4:20 of the fatal morning and asked to be driven to the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn. He'd gone only a few blocks, he said, when he discovered Weatherwax was not in the cab.

At six in the morning another cab driver found Weatherwax sitting on the street curbing, dazed and bleeding. His money—more than \$1,000—and a watch were gone. He was given emergency treatment and returned to the hotel. He lapsed into a coma. Two emergency operations for a four-inch skull fracture failed to save his life.

One witness said the wealthy westerner had been observed in an altercation with two men. All the police could get from Weatherwax, in his semi-conscious condition, was: "They hit me."

News of the tragedy sent James Croudice, the Weatherwax business manager, to New York City to help the widow complete funeral arrangements. When Mrs. Weatherwax returned to California she sold her big house and moved to a swank apartment on San Francisco's Nob Hill. It was there that she died recently of a heart ailment.

In her will she left most of her estate, now valued at \$500,000, to Croudice, in recognition of his "faithful service." Her relatives contend that the will was drawn under duress at a time when she was incompetent and say that they have repeatedly warned her to beware of any "undue influence" in disposing of her money.

Auli's Odd Shopping Trips

Cheeselovers... feast yourselves!

here's the Kraft American you've hankered for!



For the first time in five summers America's favorite "sandwich cheese" is plentiful. Kraft American with the cheddar flavor that's not mild, not sharp but *just-right-mellow!* The American pasteurized process cheese that always melts velvet-smooth!

Pack the half-pounder of Kraft American in the picnic basket. Keep a two-pound loaf of Kraft American in the refrigerator for cooking and snacks. Or, (after you've *seen* the name Kraft American on your dealer's big five-pound loaf) get sandwich-size slices.

This summer, cheeselovers, you can let yourselves go—have all the mellow Kraft American Cheese sandwiches you want. Have 'em cold, have 'em hot, have 'em often now that there's plenty of your favorite cheese to be had!

BROILED OPEN-FACE SANDWICH Toast a slice of bread (crusts trimmed) on one side. Spread untoasted side with Kraft Mayonnaise, cover with a slice of peeled tomato, then a slice of Kraft American. Top with two strips of partially broiled bacon. Place sandwiches under low broiler heat or in moderate oven, 350°, until cheese is melted and bacon is crisp.

Copy, 1947 by Kraft Foods Company



ALL 3 GOLDEN KRAFT VARIETIES ARE PLentiful AGAIN.

"Old-English", the smooth-melting pasteurized process cheese with the delightfully *sharp* cheddar flavor is back! And there's plenty of the children's favorite, too . . . the famous cheese food . . . rich yet mild Velveeta. Like Kraft American, they come in ½-lb. and 2-lb. sizes. Dealers also have Kraft American in the 5-lb. loaf for sandwich-size slices.



IT'S GREAT TO HAVE
A WHOLE KRAFT
SHELF AGAIN

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY **KRAFT**

BURLY and aggressive Brian Donlevy, "tough guy" in most of his movie roles, usually has his way with his women of the screen, as anyone who has followed the actor's parts will attest.

Yet when it came to true life, Donlevy was licked, and by a woman. It was the former Marjorie Lane, comely actress and night club singer and Donlevy's wife for 10 years, who emerged technical victor in a recent domestic controversy.

Donlevy, whose brawn and ready grin make him not unattractive to other women, couldn't even persuade his estranged wife to make a date with him.

He says he pleaded with his wife in vain, after they had mutually separated for a while. She was living at their Hollywood residence and the boisterous Donlevy was staying at their Malibu Beach home. Feeling lonely and hoping to patch things up,

Brian Donlevy and Ex-Wife Marjorie Lane, Dining Out in Hollywood in the Days When the Screen's He-Man Was on Pretty Mrs. Donlevy's Eligible List.

he telephoned Marjorie at the town house. Would she have dinner with him that night?

The answer was a definite and emphatic "No!" She added she didn't feel any too well and was going to stay home that night. A while later Donlevy drove into town and to the house where Marjorie was supposed to be indisposed. She had gone out, after all.

Even the servants had disappeared. Donlevy wandered about the rooms, played the radio for a while, smoked and brooded and finally lay down on the living-room couch for a catnap. At about four in the morning he looked up. There was his wife... with another man.

On the screen, Donlevy would have given the man a beating and would probably have set about altering his wife's countenance.

He did neither. He walked out, went into court, told his story and just recently secured a legal separation. He also won custody of four-year-old Judith Anne Donlevy for 10 months out of each year.

The Donlevy romance and marriage started off well. He met Miss Lane in 1936 and the romance really bloomed one night when he was reading a script aloud in her home. The script called for him to take the girl in his arms, whisper sweet but meaningful nothings, and of course kiss her several times.

Something happened and Donlevy threw away the printed script and put his arms around Marjorie. It was purely ad lib from there on. They

were married late that year in Ensenada, Mexico. Later, they had a second ceremony in Hollywood. Dozens of film people attended and Eleanor Powell, dancing star, was the bride's attendant.

Then, according to Donlevy, everything went wrong. They began to quarrel. Over minor things. Finally, his wife told him she wanted to get away from him. She was sick and tired of California. She was particularly sick of the screen "tough guy." In February, 1943, the baby daughter, Judith Anne, was born.

"Conditions got worse after the baby's birth," Donlevy said. "There was no interest on the part of Mrs. Donlevy in building our home. She showed me no love or affection."

After that night when she came home with the other man, it was all over. When the court hearing came about (Mrs. Donlevy did not contest the suit) Donlevy wasn't anything like the two-fisted character he always is in his screen roles.

In fact, he was rather meek and a bit of a disappointment to the spectators who had expected a stimulating and breath-taking account of major fistfights.

But never a blow was struck.

Quietly, almost apathetically, he told of the events that led up to his courtroom appearance.

"She said she didn't like California and the way we lived. She said I didn't take her out enough. Now, aside from that particular morning when I woke up on the living-room couch, it was practically impossible over a period of two years for me to get a date and take her out. Yet she was constantly out with other people, particularly men to whom I objected."

The court asked: "What effect did this conduct have on you?"

"I was nervous, upset. In the middle of a picture it got so bad I found myself living on sleeping pills and benzedrine."

The actor's attorney asked: "Did you do anything about your wife's interest in other men?"

"Yes, I talked to her about it. Several times."

"What was her reaction?"

"It looked like a brawl."

"Was it?"

"No...she just said I was too suspicious. Then she called me names."

The audience sighed. It just didn't seem possible. Here was someone

TOUGH MR. DONLEVY *Who Couldn't Date His Wife* By JACK HYATT



Judith Anne Donlevy—She'll Live With Papa 10 Months a Year.

calling the doughty Donlevy names and getting away with it. And after what Donlevy had done to many men who had called him names on the screen!

The court awarded Donlevy his separation. He made a property settlement and, packing bag and baggage, took Judy and her nurse to New York, for a change of atmosphere and a new picture.

Working Girls with Big Ideas—

DRY LAND SKIPPER

By Sam Shulsky

THE supper dishes were washed. Three wriggly little Slocum youngsters had been tamed, scrubbed and put to bed.

Day was done—for many of Detroit's citizens—but not for Helen Slocum, 23-year-old wife and mother, whose home and family were threatened with poverty greater than they could bear.

Helen's husband was doing his best at the auto shop where he worked, but these were the bleak depression days of 1933, and the few dollars that came in weren't nearly enough to feed, clothe and shelter five people.

Wearily the young housewife sat thumbing through one of the evening papers, as she had done every night for weeks, looking for some kind of job that she could do. But no one wanted to employ a woman with three small children in those days.

Idly Helen's eyes rested on a notice of some boat races to be held at a near-by inland lake. Her curiosity was aroused. How, she asked herself, do these boats travel cross-country to get to that lake?

Acting on an impulse, Helen Slocum called around at the local boat dealers next day and found, to her surprise, that there was no special service for hauling boats across country, from one body of water to another.

"It sounds like an idea," she thought, and forthwith sat down and wrote to all the boat companies and dealers in the Detroit area, asking for their hauling business.

Then and there was born the Boat Transit Company: Helen Slocum, president.

It's been a man-sized job, but she did it virtually unassisted. (She and her husband separated before she actually got going.)

Starting with a truck and trailer and \$250 in capital, Helen Slocum over the years has proven herself equal to the task—not only in the office, but on the road as well, with her fleet of 20 specially built boat carriers.

She's always had a winning combination of charm, practicality and self-confidence.

"I had the three children to support," she explains, "so I went to work. It hasn't always been easy, but I've always managed."

She developed her business slowly because, she says, "I always pay as I go. I don't buy a new truck until I know where the money is coming from to pay for it."

In 1933, her first year, she hauled 19 boats. Last year the total was near 800. Boat manufacturers and dealers, as well as boating enthusiasts are glad to hand their moving jobs over to someone who is especially set up to do the job.

Her competitors knew a good thing when they saw one and in 1937 four carting companies offered to buy her out.

She turned them down. The government, too, found that her company could handle big jobs.

All during the war years, she moved thousands of landing barges, patrol boats and other military vessels for the armed services from inland factories to seaports.

She never had an accident marked up against her record. Nor did she ever fall down on a contract.

In fact, when red tape at the state borders began causing costly delays in her delivery of U. S. fighting ships, she went down to Washington herself soon after Pearl Harbor and requested of a Senate Interstate Commerce subcommittee that the Federal Government regulate munitions trucks and loads and "cut out this interstate foolishness."

Much of the time she is on the road herself, supervising the job and watching out for tunnels, bridges and viaducts. These are her biggest headaches, and often, when she had a large boat to haul, she trails the truck out of the city and personally climbs up on top of the vessel at all underpasses to check on clearances.

"When you are carrying a large boat," she explains, "you have to make sure of clearances along the way in advance."

"But even then, a thin sheet of ice on the road can raise the truck just enough to ruin your calculations and cause a great amount of damage."

Once she herself hauled a 40-foot sailboat with a 65-foot spar from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Her carriers can handle any vessel up to 46 feet in length.

Her big jobs, of course, come with the national boat shows. Her com-

Illustrated by CECIL WEST

*Helen Slocum,
Owner of a Fleet
of 20 Specially
Built Boat
Carriers, Handles
the Tough Jobs
Herself and Her
Worst Headache
Is Measuring
Clearances at All
Underpasses.*

pany trucked 32 craft to the recent New York show from as far away as Chicago and New Orleans.

Then she took them out of New York again and carried them to the Chicago and Detroit exhibits.

She spent two solid days planning the intricate moving schedules and then personally supervised the unloading and reloading at all three shows.

"I just like to be on hand when my men have problems," she says.

For that matter, even men outside her own staff are ready to take advice on trucking matters from this pert young woman. In 1940 she became the only woman director of the nation-wide American Trucking Association and served on its board for six years.

But boats remain her first love. Boats on trucks, that is.



By George Foster

THE lady was dressed in a nightgown. To be sure, it was covered by a negligee. Still, she was waiting a nightgown.

A conference was held by the management of El Morocco, New York's nightclub which conducts any evening a failure without the presence of at least 12 millionaires. Patrons had been barred for appearing in knickerbockers, sports jackets, and shirt-sleeves. What attitude should they take toward a nightgown? The club was unconventional, but could they ignore the opportunity for publicity?

Graciously, the management accepted Ann Durham, impulsive

NIGHTCLUB antics...



Ann Durham's Night Attire Didn't Keep Her Out of El Morocco.



Lenore Lemmon Started Things Hopping (or Crawling) When She Brought a Boxful of Turtles into a Nightclub.

New York socialite who had left a hospital bed to join a party, into the club—and called the papers.

El Morocco got its publicity. Ann Durham got her publicity. But nightclub customers received only a minor thrill from it all. The Durham episode was tabbed as only a mildly interesting stunt and relegated to 22nd place on the long roster of the city's night life didos.

There was a time in the early '30s when London's Mayfair Set, referred to as "Those Bright Young People," achieved worldwide fame with antics such as riding milk wagon horses home and tearing up streets in the guise of sewage workmen.

These were practical jokes with a touch of puck. Members of New York's night-into-day set are sometimes riotous where Mayfair's were mischievous. They shun the prosaic and cultivate the spectacular. They plunge into escapades with little or

no thought of consequences. They brawl at the drop of the highball—and they keep nightclubs alive.

Thus, the timid visitor entering a gay spot for a bit of moderate gaiety is more than likely to find himself the center of a three-ring circus, with the featured performers ranging from playboy millionaires to Arab sheiks.

There was the time Frank "Bring-'Em-Back-Alive" Buck escorted two zebras into the Colony Restaurant. The animals nibbled the corsages off the ladies present and ambled out. Tommy Manville, much-married asbestos heir, once rode a horse into Leon and Eddie's.

On another occasion, in Armando's, he removed his trousers, tossed them to a Chinese hat-check girl and ordered: "Have these back by Wednesday."

Lenore Lemmon, stormy petrel of cafe society, once took a boxful of live turtles into El Morocco. Each

had inscribed on its back the name of one of her friends. She turned them loose at the height of festivities and soon the entire assemblage was chasing them, on hands and knees, about the floor. The fun became frenzied when one of the turtles, by design—or chance, became tangled in a voluminous hair-do.

Another time, Helen Fortescue Reynolds became annoyed at a stranger's persistent stare. She walked over to him and poured a pitcher of water on him. "Guess that will cool you off!" was her parting comment.

Max Baer's favorite trick at the Stork Club was to crawl beneath tables and give unsuspecting customers the hot-foot. On one occasion an late victim of his playfulness invited him outside. Baer spent half an hour talking himself out of, instead of into, a fight.

Seward Heaton, young Philadelphia socialite, and three of his pals staged

a 48-hour sit-down strike at the Club Ball. Their motto was: "Taller beer, less hours at home." They sent him for pajamas and toiletries, had a phone installed and called in their friends for a sympathy party.

There was the girl who had a spat with her boy friend at Tony's Trouville, tore off her engagement ring and hurled it against the wall. A mad search for the love token was futile. Finally it was decided the ring had hit a hole in the wall and fallen between the clapboards.

Police were called in and the wall was torn down. No ring. Just as the frustrated cops were about to leave, a gay debbie at the adjoining table shouted: "Here it is—in my drink!"

Martino de Alzaca Unzué, millinaire Argentine cattle baron familiarly known as Macoco, lived for nightclub didoes. Aided by a Falstaffian character named Pepino, he staged rare comedy acts.

Pepino would insert a cigarette in each nostril, load up his mouth with champagne, then spurt it out in the manner of a sea-lion, grunting the while. Or he would insert a rose petal under each eyelid, let another dangle from his lower lip, assume a motionless pose and give a realistic impersonation of a victim of angina pectoris—usually causing stampedes away from his vicinity.

Sometimes Macoco would load Pepino, painted up like a black-face comedian, to a neighboring table and soberly introduce him to a dowager, asking her to have the next dance with his friend.

Nightclub owners themselves are not above buffoonery. Nick Quatrociocchi, who runs the El Borracho, took occasion while a visiting banker was away at the telephone to heat his fork for him. When the banker returned and picked it up his howl could be heard in the next block.

Once Nick invited a host of socialites to a cocktail party to meet Don Calouzo Francisco Bushy de Capodara. Nobody knew who the gentleman was but all stood in awe of his glamorous name.

While the guest of honor stood at attention, Nick made a laudatory speech on his ancestry and accomplishments. Don listened politely for a minute, then pulled a banana out of his pocket and fell to munching it. He was an actor who had been hired for the affair.

And so it goes, night after night, into the wee hours of the morning. Gotham's nightclubs play host to that reckless band of funsters who not only pick up the checks but also portray star roles, gratis, in weekly impromptu plays. In speaking of such shenanigans, one owner said: "Nice work if you can afford it!"



By Dan Parker

JOHNNY EVERS has rejoined his old side-kick, Frank Chance, in the dugout at Valhalla's ball park, making it two out. But Joe Tinker is still in there swinging, although he has only a leg left to stand on. Thus does the first member of the immortal double play combination of Tinker to Evers to Chance become the last.

It was some time ago, as he sat on his bed in an Orlando, Fla., nursing home, recently, recalling his old teammate and the days when the phrase "Tinker to Evers to Chance" rippled rhythmically from the lips of baseball fans throughout the land.

"Johnny and I had our differences, but a better kid never lived," said the last of the famous trio. Then, as an afterthought, he added: "I never thought I'd be the last to go."

No explanation of Joe's remark was needed.

For Ten Years the Immortal Combination of "Tinker to Evers to Chance" Spelled Disappointment for Opposing Hitters, Even Though Part of That Time Tinker Wasn't Speaking to Evers and Evers Wasn't Speaking to Tinker.

As his days slipped away, inevitably, to the best, a final slump of his suffering.

It wasn't until the summer of 1934, when he himself had had to go to the hospital, that he learned the cause of his trouble. He had been suffering from an infection of the great toe, complicated with diabetes, forced surgeons to amputate the limb above the knee.

There was a time when it was a toss-up whether Johnny, bedridden for several years at his home in Long, N. Y., because of heart trouble, or Joe, suffering from the shock of an operation after the deadly menace of the slow and torturing gangrene, would be the first to go.

BUT after ordering the doctors to cut his leg off above the knee, not above the ankle as they wanted to, Joe calmed and came through like a young colt, whereas there wasn't any reserve strength left in the wasted body of the man who played alongside him for a decade, a good part of it as his bitter enemy.

"Our feud?" asked Joe. "That all could be traced to the fact that Johnny was a great competitor. He was a hard loser and in the heat of anger would say things he'd be sorry for the moment the words left his lips."

"But first let me tell you how we happened to get together. It's an odd fact that I went to

the Cubs as a third baseman, Johnny as a short-stop and Frank Chance as a catcher. But Frank Selee, the manager, had his own ideas and assigned me to short, Johnny to second and Frank to first.

"I have to laugh at the stories that describe Johnny as a 90-pounder when he joined us in the fall of 1902. True, he was skinny, but he was wiry and never weighed less than 145. Later he went up to 160."

"The kid was a bundle of nerves. He just couldn't relax, so naturally he had to blow off steam through those temperamental explosions. No umpire's life was peaceful when he was within speaking range."

"At first, our combination didn't attract much attention, but the longer we worked together the smoother we got and pretty soon the box scores began to carry the line 'Double plays—Tinker to Evers to Chance' almost every day."

"Evers was fast, had a great pair of hands and was as smart as a whip. His mind worked like chain lightning. Johnny was the one who saw the plays before the crack of the bat reached our ears and shouted out directions."

"We set double play records at the time that have long since been broken, but what made our combination famous was the fact that we played

together for so long: from 1903 through 1912.

"The combination was broken up when I went to Cincinnati as manager in 1913 and Frank to the New York Yankees. Johnny took Frank's place as manager and stayed until Murphy traded him to the Braves in 1914."

"Now, about that feud. Here's how the silly thing started: One day in the summer of 1908, Chance asked me to handle the club in an exhibition game booked for Bedford, Ind., on the way back to Chicago after a series in St. Louis."

"In those days, taxicabs were uncommon. We rode to the ball park in hacks, or, if we were lucky, in surreys with the well-known fringe in the right place. After the hot train ride from St. Louis, we were all a bit grumpy by the time we reached Bedford."

"You can imagine how Johnny must have felt. He was in one of his moods. As soon as the train pulled into the station, Evers ducked

"MEANTIME I was looking after the players, seeing that they didn't forget anything and making sure that all our paraphernalia was unloaded. I had ordered hacks enough for the team by wire from St. Louis and there they were, lined up along the curb, waiting for us."

"We all piled in and then discovered that there wasn't enough room. Three players had to be left behind until one of the hacks returned."

"When we approached the park, we met a hack on the way back and that set me thinking. 'I'll bet it's Evers again!' I said and sure enough, when I went into the clubhouse, there was Johnny, fuming around the place as if ready to annihilate the first one who came within range."

"I asked him how he happened to get out so quickly and he snapped back: 'In a hack, of course! Was I expected to walk?'"

"That made me explode. I asked him who he thought he was, riding in a hack all by himself and making other players wait for the second trip. One angry word led to another and finally I said: 'Evers, do me a favor and never talk to me again.'"

"May I drop dead in my tracks if I even do," he screamed back at me. I guess the situation that followed never occurred in baseball before or since."

"Day after day we would play alongside each other, working in perfect harmony, reeling off double plays as if in fielding practice, ready to support each other in battles with umpires or rival players, calling out to each other on plays and all the time hating each other's guts."

"In the clubhouse, on the street, on train trips and in the hotels we stopped at, we ignored each other. All the time, the bitterness was welling up in us as it usually does the case when such silly quarrels aren't settled."

"After a while you forget what the cause of it all was but you keep growing more bitter about it. Chance, who was managing the club by this time, was on the end of the double play combination but we had put him in the middle."

"HE made no effort to square the thing, figuring it was none of his business and too silly in the bargain. But in the end, he unintentionally was the means of bringing us together."

"In those days the infield fly rule hadn't been written into the books. It was still possible, when there were less than two out and men on first and second, or first, second and third, for an infielder to drop a pop fly purposely to try for a sucker double play."

"So, one day about two years after we had had the quarrel in Bedford, there came a game when the other team had men on first and second with

Illustrated

by

JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

to Evers to Chance



only one out, and the batter popped one up in my direction. Evers' brain was operating as fast as ever.

"He shouted 'Trap it!' meaning, of course, for me to let it hit the ground, then get it as it started to bounce and make the easy double play. The strategy was good but the bounce was bad. The ball hit a pebble or something and hopped over my shoulder to the outfield and a run scored."

"When we got back to the bench, Chance was fit to be tied. He asked me again what I was trying to do and I told him that Evers had yelled for me to trap it. He snarled back 'You don't have to trap 'em for me! That, of course, banned me up. After the game, St. Sanburn and the other sportswriters asked me for an explanation of the situation and I told them the story."

"I GUESS it was Sanburn who said 'Joe, why don't you and Johnny stop acting like kids and shake hands?' Naturally, I flamed it all on Johnny and when they asked me if I'd be willing to make up with him I said 'Sure'."

"Then the writers went to Evers and he flamed it all on me but said he would be willing to shake. So a meeting was arranged in a beer parlor near the ball park that evening and Tinker and Evers wound up crying in each other's beer."

"For all his acid tongue," resumed Joe, "Johnny was as sensitive as a child. One afternoon he didn't get over to cover second on a possible double play and I had no one to throw the ball to. When we got back to the bench, Chance landed on him for not getting over."

"After the game, Johnny didn't say a word but packed up his things and wired his mother in Troy that he was quitting baseball."

"Someone who had seen the wire tipped off Chance and he sent the whole team around to Johnny to talk him out of it. We had to pick with him for hours before we could make him change his mind, but he finally stayed."

"With a twink in his eye, Joe recalled Johnny's hatred of umpires and his frequent arguments with them. Evers thought he knew the rules better than the best ump and boasted that he had never lost an argument."

"Once he argued with Bill Klem over the interpretation of a rule—the same Bill who claims he never called one wrong—and Klem said 'I'll meet you in Mr. Heydler's office tomorrow and we'll have the point decided.'"

"I'll bet you five you don't show up," snapped Evers. Bill didn't. The next afternoon when Klem entered the clubhouse, Evers growled: "When are you going to pay me my five?"

"Right now," said William, pleasantly, peeling a bill from his roll. When Evers was seen in

earnest conversation with Klem that night on the train to the next stop, Tinker, thinking he was softening toward umpires, asked him what he had been talking to Bill about.

"Oh, he told me he was going to ask for more money," said Johnny.

"When I heard that," reminisced Joe, "I said to myself: 'Klem is going to get that salary stuff thrown back at him tomorrow.'"

Sure enough, the next afternoon at the ball park when Bill called a third strike on Evers, Johnny trotted out to his position in the field, boiling mad, and when he was sure the whole hall park was listening, shouted: "So you're the guy that wants more pay! Why, you blind so and so, you don't deserve half of what you get now!"

"Get out of the game!" roared Bill and when Tinker and Harry Steinfield came to Johnny's defense, they were also bounced. For this, each of them received a telegram notifying them they had been fined \$50.

The next day, Steinfield and Tinker tacked the telegrams to their bats when it was near their turn to go to the plate. Eagle-eyed Bill, taking in the situation from the corner of his eye, roared: "Get those telegrams off those bats or they'll cost you \$100 more!"

"Naturally, we did what Bill told us," related Joe "as he was one baby we all respected."

THERE have been many versions of the famous Merkle incident, the play that established Evers' reputation as the fastest thinker in baseball.

"All this had its origin in Pittsburgh shortly before the Merkle incident," said Joe. "The Giants and the Cubs were battling for the pennant in 1908 and the last stages of the race at hand."

"The Pirates came to bat in the last of the ninth of this particular game with the score tied. After two had been retired, there were men on first and second. The next batter hit a clean single to right and the man on second scored. But Gill, who was on first, stopped running, halfway to second, and dashed for the clubhouse."

"I noticed that Evers stopped short on his way off the field, as if he had suddenly thought of something important. Then he went on. In the clubhouse I heard him tell Hank O'Day, the umpire, that Gill hadn't touched second."

"Hank replied: 'Why didn't you touch second and I would have him called out.' It was too late to do anything about it then but Evers stored it away in his mind, never suspecting that soon after an identical situation would arise that would enable him to win the pennant for the Cubs."

"On September 23rd, at the Polo Grounds, we faced the league-leading Giants in a game of vital importance. Mathewson pitched for them

and we had Jack Pfeister. As the Giants came to bat in the ninth, the score was tied, 1-1.

"Devlin opened with a single. McGraw called for the hit and run and Cy Seymour forced Devlin. Then Moose McCormick forced Seymour. With two away, Merkle singled to left, sending Moose to third."

"The next batter, Al Bridwell, smashed a single over second on which McCormick came in—seeing the Moose score, Merkle stopped halfway to second and started for the clubhouse. Evers and myself ran over to Bob Emslie who was umpiring on the bases and called his attention to the fact that Merkle hadn't touched second."

"To emphasize it, I pointed to Merkle and again asked the umpire to note that Fred hadn't touched second. As I was talking to Emslie, 'Sally' Hoffman threw the ball in from center field and it hit me on the back of the neck. While I argued with Emslie, Joe McGinnity, coaching on first for the Giants, ran out and grabbed the ball."

"Jack Pfeister, our pitcher, gripped for it with McGinnity and I was tried to throw it into the grandstand. Instead it landed over near third base and a fan picked it up."

"Harry Steinfield wrestled with him, trying to make him give it up but the fellow clung to it. As the two struggled there on the base line, a left-handed pitcher named Floyd Kroh ran out from our bench, wound up a left back and landed it on the fan's jaw, knocking him stiff."

"Steinfeld then took the ball out of the poor bloke's limp fingers and ran over to Evers with it. Johnny stood on second base, with the ball that had been hit to center, not one that had been substituted, as some claim. He waved to Hank O'Day who, after taking in the whole scene from behind the plate, walked off without making a decision."

"Everyone went away thinking the Giants had won, 2-1. We didn't know ourselves what the outcome was. Not until we had dressed and gone downtown did we get the news."

"THEN it came over the ticker that O'Day had announced his decision: that Merkle was out for not touching second, that the run McCormick scored didn't count, as it was scored while the third man was back on a force out, as the rules state, and that the official score was 1-1."

"As a result of that the pennant race wound up a few days later in a tie. The rules call for a best two out of three series, but the Giants refused. Finally it was agreed to play off the tie game and let the record stand."

"McGraw saved Matty for this one but Mordecai Brown had the stuff that afternoon and we won, 1 to 2. Then we went on to beat the Detroit Tigers for the world's championship."

"Evers was a fine little guy, and a great ball player. His faults could be attributed to the fact that he wanted to win 'em all. If those are faults, baseball ought to win some more of them."



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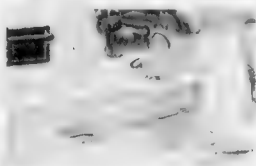
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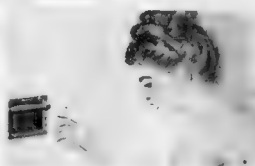
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News From Japan
Halted the Wedding
Plans of 22-Year-Old
Theresa Klassen.

POOR BUTTERFLY

The American Army Lieutenant and the Japanese Girl Who Loved Him Were Often Together by Themselves — Death Was Invited Guest of Their Lost Tragic Trust



By Warren Hall

THE cherry trees were yet to bloom when Kiyoko Takada went to meet Bob Wilson, but the buds were red with the promise of spring. Although it was a time to be happy, Kiyoko had never been more miserable. The man she loved was about to leave Japan, and she had to make a decision.

Should she let him go, smiling through her tears, like Cho-Cho-San—Madame Butterfly—does in the opera?

Should she take her own life, content in the knowledge that he would be better mated to a woman of his own race?

Could she persuade him to join her in death, which, all Japanese were sure, was far preferable to frustration?

Since occidental minds didn't seem to comprehend these matters, might it not be best to say nothing, to propose a farewell toast, to prepare the drinks carefully, very carefully?

Lieut. Robert L. Wilson, 23, was waiting for her at the corner, as he had promised at the U. S. Army's Tokyo airport, where she was a civilian employee and from which he was about to be detached for shipment home. They went together to a trusting place in Hino, near Tokyo.

Out over the Pacific a plane was carrying a letter to Theresa Klassen, 22, who works in a photographer's shop in Ionia, Ia. Lieut. Wilson had met her after he had entered the service, and he had written her every week.

This letter, which wouldn't be delivered for a couple of days, was even more enthusiastic than most. It said he hoped to be out of the Army very soon and might even be in Ionia before the first of May. It asked Theresa to look around for a house, and also for an automobile.

"You see," Theresa said, "we had agreed not to become formally engaged until he had been discharged, but we both knew. We both knew."

There had been packages as well as letters, and the last package had contained two beautifully embroidered kimonos.

"The girls here don't wear these things," he had written, "but I think you'd look beautiful in

them. I can't wait to see you."

There had been letters, too, to his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson of Plymouth, Mass.—letters that were filled with longing for home and the hope that nothing would delay him.

"Everything is running along fine here, but I keep thinking of the things that I'll be doing when a boat that I'm really on finally reaches San Francisco. It's odd the way I keep praying for the planes not to go wrong while I'm up in the air. Never used to think of things like that. The trouble is that I've been flying the same planes for a full year now, and they were old when I got here." Or

"Winter in the Tokyo area isn't hard to take at all, although I still like Los Angeles weather."

He had known about Los Angeles because, after graduating from Plymouth High School in 1942, he had studied at the University of California, where he majored in engineering. He planned to continue his engineering course after his return, and wrote about that, too.

"I'll probably have to pinch on money, what with college expenses and getting married. I hate to look forward to the high prices in the States. It took me quite a while to save what little I have. Of course, my wife will be working for a while, but that's not the way I really want it."

His wife? Father and Mother Wilson, back in Plymouth, knew whom he meant, although they had never seen Theresa Klassen. Bob and she had met in Salt Lake City while he was stationed there and she was visiting.

Only the week before they had received a lacquered box from Tokyo with a note

"Please don't disturb these things; they are for my home."

"We knew he meant the home he was planning to establish with the Iowa girl," Mrs. Wilson said. "We almost felt that we knew her because

he mentioned her so often in his letters, and we were sure that he loved her."

Just once did he speak of any specific Japanese girl in his letters, and that was rather indefinite. Talking about some color films he had sent home to be developed, he asked

"Did you have any of the color film made into pictures? I've waited a long time to see the god darned stuff and a few weeks more won't hurt, I guess, huh? Oh, by the way, I believe the girl you asked about on the film must have been the house girl."

He explained that he and three officers had had a house girl to care for their quarters, but she had been replaced by a man. His friendship with the girl didn't end there because, he wrote, "she often visited me and helped me with my Japanese."

Certainly Kiyoko was no house girl. She was the Japanese equivalent of a secretary.

Perhaps no one will ever know what transpired in their room in Hino. When the door was opened five hours later there was an odor not of cherry blossoms but of almonds, bitter almonds, which is also the odor of potassium cyanide.

Kiyoko, crumpled on the floor in her black dress with the bright yellow flowers, would never have to say goodbye to the man she loved, who was slumped in a chair. Beside each body was an empty glass.

The Army, completing its investigation, decided that Kiyoko had carried out a pre-conceived plan. Without her lover's knowledge, she had mixed two cyanide cocktails.



Ceremonial Silt Palette, Used for Grinding Cosmetics for Egyptian Royalty About 5,000 Years Ago.

By Irmis Johnson

A recent barbaric custom cost 23 devoted men and women their lives when Queen Mer-Neith, wife of the Egyptian King Djer, died 5,000 years ago.

That portion of the Egyptian story which is the yellowed pages of this issue is the two-story tomb of the queen, recently discovered by the British archaeologist, Walter Emory, during excavations at Abydos, near Cairo.

The story of pagan worship and a belief that the dead men and women continued to lead the same kind of existence as they had in their everyday earthly lives. Queens and kings, with their attendants in their palaces, were believed that they would need an equally impressive life in the hereafter.

Without the slightest compunction over the loss of their young lives, they issued orders that their favorite servants must be buried alive in their tombs.

It happened at the royal palace, "Qed Neith" (Making Peace), at Memphis, on the day that Queen Mer-Neith died will never be known in history. But a few tiny bits of early Egyptian history suggest a scene something like this: A young King Djer, who had been ruler since the death of his father, mourned his mother's loss and, in his bitterness, the subdued and stifled weeping could be heard throughout the palace.

The queen's ladies-in-waiting whispered disconsolately as they got ready to say their last good-byes. The queen's favorite men servants watched nervously as the chief steward ordered that certain special wines be brought from storage. One of the 23 chosen for the sacrifice knelt and took a sip of the purpose of that wine. They were to be sacrificed with it so there would be no last minute objections to being buried alive.

In this instance some special sedative potion may have been added, since King Djer is reported to have written a number of medical treatises in which he stated that he was a physician and his son undoubtedly knew some of that medical lore.

The quality of this ceremony seems to have been especially mental, although in Nubia, at a much later date, there is evidence that human sacrifices at a royal funeral had their heads broken by clubs.

According to the tradition of the First Dynasty, the queen was buried in a deep red wooden coffin, surrounded with jars of beer and wine and supplies of food. Her favorite furniture, cosmetic boxes and jewelry were buried with her.

Some historians have left no record of an actual burial like that of Queen Mer-Neith. It has been assumed that the invisible attendants were carried into the tomb after the queen's body was laid to rest.

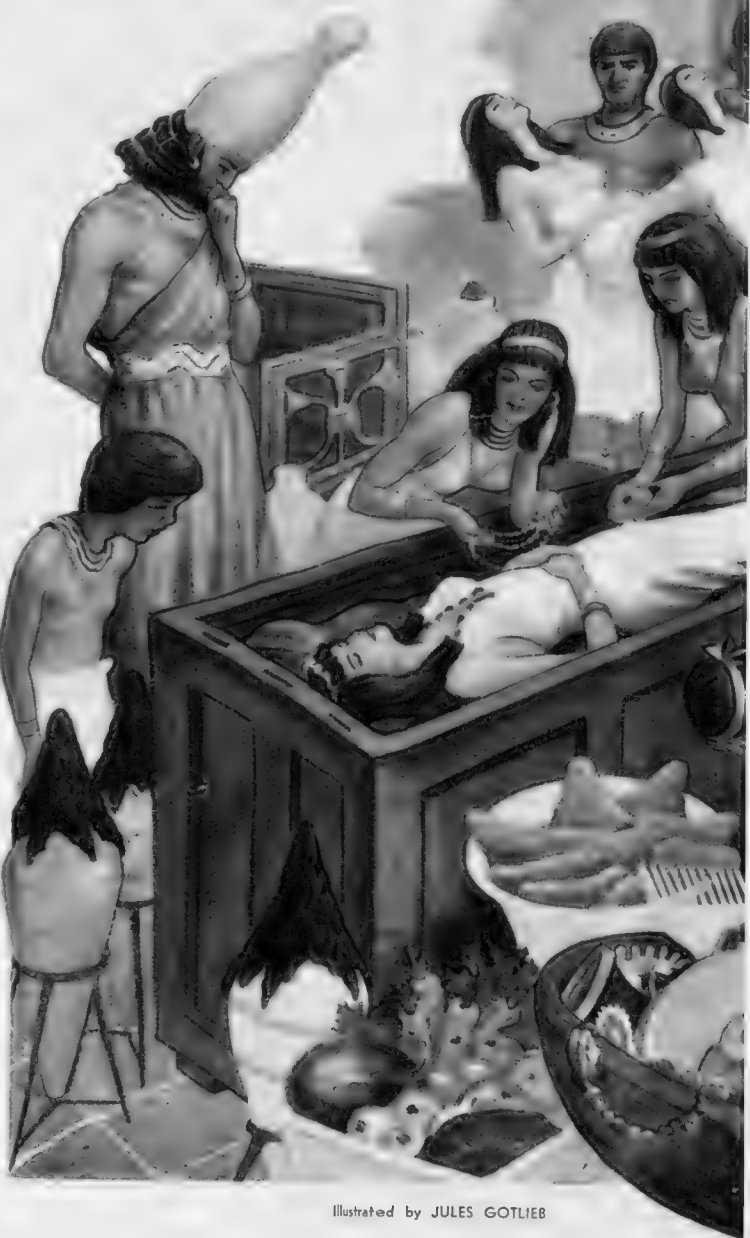
Artist Jules Gotlieb, after considerable research on the subject has worked out an imaginative illustration of that burial chamber based on the scanty existing information of First Dynasty times.

At this period in Egyptian history the art of embalming was in its infancy and only simple preservatives would be applied to the body of the queen. The attendants probably were not embalmed.

16 July 6, 1917

BURIED AL

The Young King Djer Mourns Beside the Coffin of His Mother, Queen Mer-Neith, While Servants Bring Food, Furniture and Jewels to the Burial Chamber, and Stupefied Slaves Are Carried to Their Doom.



Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

IVE

To Serve A Queen

Yellowed Bones of 23 Egyptian Slaves Found in the 5,000-Year-Old Tomb of the Royal Mer-Neith Tell of Tragic Sacrifice

Queen Mer-Neith was conservative in the number of attendants she required for her hereafter. Her husband's cenotaph in Abydos is surrounded by seven rows of tombs of his household, numbering 334 graves. These are believed to have included all of his royal harem and many of his court officials.

Indications are that the savage practice of live burials started in the pre-dynastic period in Egypt, before there were any kings. In those days the custom applied particularly to the chieftains of small districts, but probably never applied to persons of lesser importance.

Since the Egyptians weren't by nature a blood-thirsty people human sacrifice apparently became repugnant to them near the end of the First Dynasty, as civilization advanced.

For a time after that wax figures were used as dummies for the re-enactment of the sacrificial ceremony.

Then small wooden and stone figures representing the servants were placed in the tombs with the idea that they would be brought to life to perform their duties.

Wall paintings of human sacrifices appear in tombs long after the custom had been abandoned. Other murals showing scenes of hunting, fishing, harvesting and similar activities supplemented the figures in the graves, since it apparently was believed that a painting of work being done was the equivalent of its accomplishment.

Disappearance of human sacrifice in Egypt didn't signify its discontinuance elsewhere among early civilizations, however.

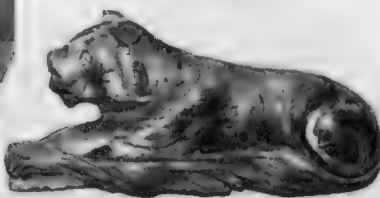
As late as the fifth century A.D., Attila the Hun, is reported to have gone to his magnificent grave accompanied by a host of soldiers with their horses and, perhaps, by the bride believed to have stabbed him to death on their wedding night.

Recent excavations of some Maya burials near Guatemala City disclose that those highly cultured early Americans buried slaves with their masters, too.

The attendants of Queen Mer-Neith apparently were entombed with the materials they would need to serve their mistress in eternity. Near the huddled bones of one there was found a number of pots of paint, another had copper chisels and another a number of small boats.

The queen's body was missing when her tomb was found, and her valuables had been stolen, but the robbers of 2,000 years or more ago had no use for the bones of the 23 slaves.

So those bones were left to add their mute testimony to our present knowledge of early man's inhumanity and selfishness; his complete devotion to cruel pagan ideals. They tell the story of the power of ancient kings and queens and the blind loyalty of their attendants.



An Ivory Playing Piece—Part of an Ancient Game—That May Have Been Used by Queen Mer-Neith.

By Paul I. Murphy

A BRIGHT new chapter in the history of medicine has been opened against High Blood Pressure—America's No. 1 killer—has been completed with the successful operation of hundreds of men and women from the tightening clutches of the disease by the most perfect of several new medical measures.

This particular measure is called the Smithwick operation, and it is the most perfect of several new medical measures.

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The Young Mother Was Walking Across the Street When Suddenly Everything Went "Foggy" and She Fell Forward.



Surgery for HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

headaches at the rear of his head, nervousness and shortness of breath. The man was ordered to bed for a long and not too hopeful rest.

After his physician had tried all other medical measures, the man decided to submit to the Smithwick surgery. The surgeon removed the nerves controlling the blood vessels of his large abdominal organs. These nerve pathways, by over-constricting the arterioles of this region, were the major contributors to the man's high blood pressure.

Five months later, the executive resumed his professional duties, and even was able to obtain additional life insurance.

A young mother of six children was hurrying across a busy thoroughfare one afternoon when, suddenly, everything went "foggy" before her. She stumbled and fell to the street.

Taken to the hospital, physicians found that she had gone blind, a victim of high blood pressure that had captured arteries in both retinas. They said that the disease might finish her off entirely in another three months.

Her family persuaded her to undergo the Smithwick operation. Six months later she was walking again, with her pressure down and her eyesight as normal as ever.

One of the most famous and successful cases recently handled by Dr. Smithwick was that of Postmaster General Robert E. Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic Party, whose blood pressure nearly forced his abrupt retirement from President Truman's official family.

Stricken by the unbearable symptoms of the disease brought on because of the strenuous activities of

his two important positions, Hannegan was warned to refrain from all unusual activities, to avoid work and heavy responsibilities.

President Truman ordered him away from Washington for a complete rest. But when the rest proved ineffective, Hannegan underwent the delicate spinal operation. Five weeks later he was discharged from the hospital, his blood pressure near normal and he was well on the road to recovery. Said Hannegan: "I never felt better in my life. Dr. Smithwick is one of the finest surgeons in the world."

A few years ago an over-worked physician living in New York advised one of his hypertension patients to go to Boston with him so that both might undergo the Smithwick operation. The patient refused and died shortly afterward. But the physician underwent the extensive nerve operation. He was relieved of his painful heart attacks and soon had a near-normal pressure. Today he is well and happy.

High blood pressure, the leading cause of death in America, takes the lives of two to three times as many people as does its nearest contender, cancer. It causes, either wholly or partly, such diseases as kidney, heart, blood vessel, or cardiovascular-renal. It performs a slow, cunning squeeze play, causing countless little arterioles to constrict. This constriction reduces the capacity of the circulatory system, and increases pressure within the vessels. As the arterioles constrict more and more, the pressure becomes higher and higher until something bursts.

Illustrated by TONY VARADY

Often the delicate capillaries of the brain break, causing cerebral hemorrhage, stroke, apoplexy, coronary thrombosis, or occlusion accompanied by the pain of angina pectoris.

The Smithwick surgery is carried out in two stages, about 10 days apart. One stage is for removing nerves on the right side—the other on the left side—of a chain of nerves and ganglia that are located along either side of the spine from the neck to the spinal base.

A long incision the shape of a flattened letter S is made from a point near the shoulder blade down to the small of the back. Parts of two ribs are removed.

Because the kidney and adrenal gland may be involved as a contributing factor to the high blood pressure, the surgeon inspects them carefully. He snips off a small piece of kidney for microscopic examination and checks the gland for signs of a tumor.

Then, gently, he pushes away the lung from the back wall of the chest, using his rubber-gloved hand without instrument to avoid puncturing the delicate pleura. This exposes the delicate nerve chain. It lies about one inch from the spinal column and is joined by nerve branches emerging from between vertebrae.

The task of cutting out the right segments is a tricky business because the location of these nerves varies widely among individuals.

Dr. Smithwick has removed the high-tension nerves from thousands of patients up to 57 years.

The average age of these people is 37 years, although some have been as young as 16—a reminder of the early age that hypertension strikes.

The operative mortality rate has been 2.8 per cent, considered low for such an extensive procedure.

Seventy-nine per cent have shown a fall in blood pressure and a marked relief from their symptoms. Dr. Smithwick believes that the life expectancy of these patients has been definitely increased.

Patients must expect to make a few sacrifices when the sympathetic nerves are removed, for, naturally, they perform certain duties.

For instance, legs and other dermative areas will no longer sweat. Consequently, patients must wear elastic stockings and snug abdominal girdles to prevent too much blood from settling in the relaxed blood vessels of the lower part of the body.

The body makes adjustments after a while to keep the circulation in better balance.

Scientists, naturally, want to develop medicinal treatments which might take the place of surgical therapy. The High Blood Pressure Research Foundation, under the direction of Dr. Irvine Page, at the Crile Clinic, Cleveland, is one of the public supported organizations trying to achieve this goal.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

IN JULY 6, 1947

Imagination asks for trouble

TO MAKE CARS MORE TROUBLE-FREE FOR YOU



Creative Imagination working for you at Chrysler Corporation

"Fill 'er up—with paper," they said!

THAT'S what the engineers funneled into a car's gas tank. And in with the paper went lint, dust, sand and a quart of water (all washed down with gasoline)

The idea was to give the toughest kind of test to a remarkable new gasoline filter they had invented—a filter that keeps trouble-making foreign matter from getting

out of the fuel tank to block the gas line or clog the carburetor.

That car—with everything but the kitchen sink in its tank—traveled 40,000 miles without a hint of trouble from the trash in its gasoline! The filter let the gas through, but didn't pass anything that might affect the car's performance.

Other tests proved equally successful. So today this Oilite Fuel Tank Filter is standard equipment on all new Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars.

The story of this filter is another example of the many ways we apply practical imagination to make our cars the most advanced on the road.

Chrysler Corporation

PLYMOUTH DODGE DE SOTO CHRYSLER

Abram Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration • Chrysler Marine & Industrial Engines • Dodge Job Rated Trucks • Oilite Powdered Metal Products • Cyloweld Products • Major Parts & Accessories

Curse of Tichborne

By Charles Goddard

"She Tooke the Brande in Her Wyth-
ered Fyst,
As Shee Crawled on her Knee;
And Her Lorde Was Sadd, for Crawl-
where Shee Lyst.
She Must have ytt for her Fee.
And Shee Crawled and Crawlled, and
the Knights in Payne,
For Hys Londe Groned full Sore,
To Thynke how Lyttle to Hym might
Remayne, Yf Shee
Crawled a Lyttle More."

(From the ancient Ballad of Tichborne Dole)

LONDON

IT WAS a happy yet solemn cere-
mony.

On the steps of Tichborne House
in Alresford, Hampshire, stood a huge
oak chest, battered and worn with age.

Into it was poured sack after sack
of flour—as much as could be pro-
cured with 14,000 bread units.

The Rev. J. H. King, Bishop of
Portsmouth, blessed the flour and
then Sir Anthony Joseph Henry
Doughty Tichborne, the 14th
Baronet, cleared his throat and said:

"We've been able after many anx-
ieties and vicissitudes to perform the
dole which is ancient in custom and
charitable in intent."

He didn't mention the Tichborne
Curse, which is equally ancient.

But thoughts of it must have been
in the mind of each of the thousand
or more villagers who filed up to the
chest to have half a gallon of flour
poured into a pillow case.

All of them, too, must have had
a great feeling of relief over the
last minute decision of Mr. John
Sturges, the Food Minister, who
had wavered first one way and then
another for weeks, before finally con-
ceding that the curse was a stabil-

izing factor in the local economy.

As the flour was poured into the
pillow cases, the Tichborne House was
filled with the sound of the Lord
Baronet's voice. In those days, when he
was a child, he had been a commoner,
and his father, a country squire, was a
member of the House of Commons. The
curse, however, was a curse of the
people, and he had been a member of
the House of Commons in all England. Some-
times, when he was a child, he had
been a member of the House of Commons.

On the steps of Tichborne House, the
curse was a curse of the people, and he
had been a member of the House of
Commons in all England. Sometimes,
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Torch in Hand, the Dying Mabel Managed to Crawl
Around 23 Acres of Her Husband's Richest
Land. Then She Blessed the Acres
and Pronounced the Curse.

Illustrated by WILLY POGANY

20 July 6, 1947

give a sign. I will give to the poor
as much as you can carry a
torch around."

"Give me yon flambeau," her
Ladyship commanded, pointing to a
torch, made of waxed wicks and rest-
ing in a wall bracket. With this in
her hand, she managed to crawl
around 23 acres of Sir Roger's rich-
est land. Then she blessed the acres,
pronounced a curse on anyone who
might break her husband's promise
and died.

In her celebrated curse, she said
that if on any Day of the Annuncia-
tion (March 25), known as "Lady's
Day," the produce of the 23 acres or
its equivalent, should fail to be given
to the poor, then the next Tichborne
generation would be seven males and
the following one, seven females,
after which the Tichborne name
would become extinct; the house fall.

Sir Roger faithfully kept his
promise as did his descendants but
alas, word of the charity spread far
and wide, causing "thieves, cul-
purses, robbers, sturdy beggars and
other unworthy persons" to assemble
in such numbers as to become a
night on the community. That
caused the local authorities to put a
stop to the Tichborne Dole.

It was not the family's fault but
the "curse" fell just the same. Half
of the Manor House blew down that
year and the other half had to be
demolished. Then came the genera-
tion of seven sons.

Of these all died without male is-
sue, though leaving, in all, seven
daughters. Dead was the Tichborne
name, to be found only on grave-
stones. Adding to the calamity, the
estate had to spend many thousand
pounds proving that a male claimant
was on the way.

Such was the consternation that
the dole was restored and also the
family name renewed for the son of
the old lord of the seven females by
edict of the Crown.

This year, when Sir Anthony asked
for a sack of each of 14,000 bread
units to carry out the dole, Mr.
Sturges denied the request. Shortly
afterwards, without giving reason, the
Food Minister reversed himself.
Amazed by the publicity his
change of heart brought him, he
withdrew his permission, announcing
that the dole could not go on.

That brought a flood of 14,000
coupons from sympathizers all over
England. But Mr. Sturges said it
would not do to accept such coupons.

After a national appeal from the
villagers on the Tichborne estate,
Mr. Sturges changed his mind again
and accepted the donated coupons,
only to discover that half of them
were useless, being out of date.

In desperation, the villagers got
up a last minute petition, in which
they said:

"Sir Anthony and Lady Tichborne
have two daughters and no son, so
that the family is well on the way to
seeing the curse operate. Please be
kind. We can assure you that if you
help them carry out the terms of the
charity as usual, their next child will
be a son, and thus remove all chance
of the curse taking effect in this gen-
eration."

There were also so many other
last minute appeals that the Food
Minister waived all objections and
permitted the coupons to be issued.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

America's Oldest Legend?

AMERICA is a young country rich in natural wealth but poor in legends compared with more ancient nations. That's why Dr. John P. Harrington of the Smithsonian Institution has made a major contribution to our folklore by having the patience and skill to piece together small American myths that go as far back to prehistoric times.

The setting for the fantastic fairy tale is a wild and barren spot in Arizona's Black Mountains and it is the story of the Mystic House of Matavilya, chief deity of the Plute Indians and the first god, they say, to dwell on earth. So sacred is Matavilya that he never appears to the red man even in dreams.

Dr. Harrington, who speaks 50 Indian dialects, pieced together the myth from clues dropped from the reluctant lips of venerable Plutes, a close-mouthed tribe. Then, risking his life, he visited and photographed the huge "door posts" of Matavilya's abode in the Colorado River. It is a spot jealously guarded by the superstitious Plutes, so Dr. Harrington's journey was made with the utmost secrecy.

THE Plutes say the animals of Matavilya account for many common things. Among them are why people wear clothes, why they cry at funerals, why the mouth of the coyote is black and why the face in the moon is that of a coyote.

Halsaramp, 103-year-old medicine woman, from whom the scientist slowly drew much of his knowledge of the myth, would not mention Matavilya's name. A Plute is saddest, he explained, when remembering the names of the dead. She referred to Matavilya as the "culture hero."

"Everything you do, you do because he did it first," she said.

Matavilya, child of sky and earth, created all the animals. Grateful, they got together and built him an enormous house. There was no Colorado River then.

Though a god, Matavilya was mortal. One of his daughters, a frog girl, cursed him for her ugliness and bewitched him. Matavilya fell ill. An animal threw a fish over him to keep him warm. That's why people wear clothing today.

Realizing the end was near, the god called the creatures to his bedside. He ordered that his body be

the frog girl had bewitched her fate. The Plutes, though miserably poor, still destroy a house whose owner has died.

Dr. Harrington, after reconstructing the Matavilya myth, asked the med-

Island by automobile and rowboat.

One door post, Dr. Harrington reports, are two black basalt bluffs facing each other across the Colorado River in the Black Mountains. One is more than 500 feet high, the other slightly less.

All that remains of the Mystic House of Matavilya is the "door posts" of the house. The house itself is all the lower course of the Colorado.

It is as if the first god to dwell on earth was not content to quit the abode of man without leaving a great monument to himself despite his order to the animals to destroy every vestige of his home.

Now that the legend of Matavilya has been pieced together, it seems destined to take its place with the folk tales of Paul Bunyan and his Blue Ox and Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow. In some ways the ancient Matavilya myth is the best



When the Bewitched God of the Plute Indians Knew That His End Was Near He Called All the Animals He Had Created to the Great House They Had Built for Him in the Black Mountains.

burned on a pyre and that his house be completely destroyed to free his spirit.

The sorrowing animals tried to cure him. They turned his head to the south. It did no good. As the sun sank in the west Matavilya died.

The creatures stood silent and sad. Then a locust chirped a plaintive note. The others followed suit, making various crying sounds. That's why people cry at funerals today.

Having no way to light the pyre, the animals sent a coyote to the Dawn to fetch a flame in his tail. When he had left, a little fly flew down, rubbed its legs together and produced a spark that kindled the wood. The coyote looked back. Jealous, he turned and dashed to the blaze, snatched the god's heart in his teeth and fled. The heat turned his mouth black and so it remains to this day.

THE animals bade the hawk catch the coyote. The coyote dropped the heart, and to escape the hawk, leaped to the moon. He can be seen there whenever the moon is full.

The animals set about obeying the god's command to destroy his house. They burned the interior and created the Colorado River which they led through it. But they had not succeeded in razing entirely the two door posts beside which

lived a woman where the door posts stood. She refused to tell a white man. The spirits would punish her. But Muri Emery, a nearby rancher, knew the secret. He led the scientist to Cottonwood



place with the folk tales of Paul Bunyan and his Blue Ox and Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow. In some ways the ancient Matavilya myth is the best

Got Those "Whisk-Broom" Blues?

Distressing germs, flakes and scales on hair and coat collar. . . . A telltale white shower that scares you out of wearing your blue suit?

They may mean infectious dandruff! And, Mier, that's something you definitely don't want.

Better get started right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's a delightful precaution. . . . an effective home treatment. . . . that countless men rely on. Here's why:

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a refreshing antiseptic bath. . . . kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale) that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. See how quickly those distressing flakes and scales begin to disappear. . . . how quickly itching is alleviated. Your scalp feels so clean and cool. So fresh! Your hair looks as it should. Remember, in clinical tests,

twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

When you hear of results like that don't you wonder why you ever fooled with so-called "overnight" remedies devoid of germ-killing power?

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO.
St. Louis, Missouri

Every Woman SHOULD KNOW



Mercolized Wax Cream

New lovelier, lighter skin beauty is within the reach of any woman who goes after it with Mercolized Wax Cream. This famous Cream contains an active ingredient used as long as history has been recorded. It dissolves and dissolves away little chappans and is effective in helping to make skin firmer—more translucent. By using regularly dependable Mercolized Wax Cream a lovely bleaching action takes place on the skin surface, and the appearance of any cloudy pigment is retarded. If your complexion is possible, don't be satisfied, seek to make it more radiant, more attractive and younger looking with Mercolized Wax Cream. You will like it. Use only as directed.

The New Saxolite Astringent Cream

is a delightful experience. Surprised awaits your first trial. Gives more youthful appearance by temporarily firming, tightening soft skin surface of face and neck. A powder base you will enjoy.

Sold at Cosmetic Centers Everywhere

Want ideas for outdoor meals for backyard camping? Tonight's issue or rainy day kitchen leads that will give you Junior and Dad? See the Household Almanac page in this issue.



The "Bottle Bacillus" (PYTOSPORUM OVALE)

HERE'S THE EASY, DELIGHTFUL TREATMENT

Men: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp. Wash with vigorous massage. Women: Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine. Antiseptic with hair oil, or cotton. Rub in well. Done carefully, it can't hurt your wave.

God's Quarter

IT WAS a lucky day for the Congregational Church of Pasadena, Calif., when a young woman made a 25-cent error in handling change from a collection plate 50 years ago in another Congregational Church back in Newport, Ky.

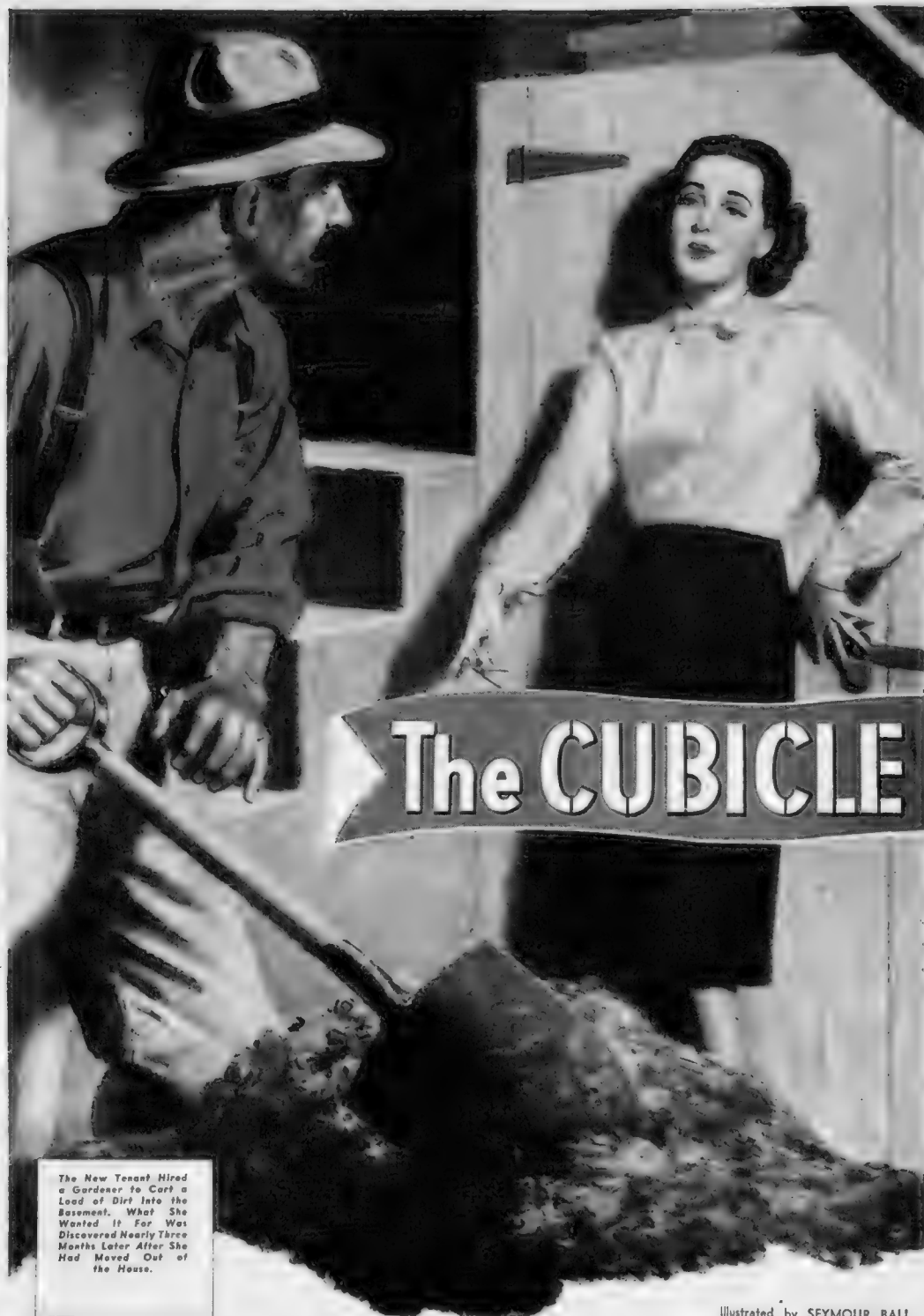
The worshiper, Mrs. Lydia Fyle Simpkinson, now 70, was troubled through the years because she had "kept a quarter that belonged to God," and the other day she decided to pay off her

debt. As she now resides in Pasadena, her local church became the grateful beneficiary.

Mrs. Simpkinson not only returned "God's quarter," she figured compound interest for half a century and on top of that made a \$50 donation as "conscience money."

It added up to \$83.69 a tidy return, indeed, on an investment of 25 cents which the Congregational Church never even knew it had made.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC — Quick! FOR INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF



The New Tenant Hired a Gardener to Cart a Load of Dirt Into the Basement. What She Wanted It For Was Discovered Nearly Three Months Later After She Had Moved Out of the House.

Illustrated by SEYMOUR BALL

By Peter Levins

THE theme of this story is "you can never tell what a woman will do next," and it will be propounded in three parts.

Part I could be entitled, "Little Louise Tries Her Wings." It has to do with the formative years of a pretty Louisiana girl, daughter of a convict, who possessed so much helpless charm that nobody could believe she was light fingered. Louise simply adored to steal nice things!

As a girl, she lived with a married sister in Shreveport—papa being in jail—but, proving an expensive guest, she married a young salesman named Harry Bosley, and honeymooned with him in a boarding house.

She purloined money, jewelry and other small articles there and in other places, but nobody had the heart to prosecute her.

Bosley, however, decided he'd had enough, so they parted company and she headed north, intending to seek a position as a lady's companion. The year was 1902.

On the train, this wide-eyed fledgling, now calling herself "Miss Louise Gould," interested a kindly woman from Boston, who took her under her wing during the trip.

Louise said she intended to study music and culture in the "Athena of America," and her motherly friend recommended a teacher named Mabel Bennett.

Arriving in Boston, Louise called on Miss Bennett, who liked her so much that she recommended her, as a boarder, to a family living in the same neighborhood, Jamaica Plain.

This family, whom we will call the Beacons, consisted of a widow and her schoolteacher daughter. They were ultra-proper and respectable, and they were attracted to Louise from the start.

Louise paid board for a few weeks, then stopped, explaining that a rich aunt had refused to send her any more pin money. The Beacons assured her that would be all right; they were delighted to have such a gay, well-behaved young girl around the house. So she stayed and picked up culture—and other things quite rapidly. On her 19th birthday, Mrs. Beacon gave her a party at which she played the piano and sang.

Then a maid in the house reported the disappearance of a \$10 bill, and a neighbor announced that her diamond rings had been stolen.

Other victims made similar reports to the police, who investigated and exposed the girl as the Louise Bosley of previous record. The Beacons were horrified, but Louise, exhibiting no trace of remorse or conscience, actually laughed in their faces.

As no one cared to prosecute, her progress was unimpeded. She left Boston for parts unknown.

H. L. Heltzman, to cart a load of dirt into the basement of his house.

Later that month, she inquired of an insurance man, L. R. Orkins, where she could buy some cement. She explained that Mr. Denton, still deeply distressed by the death of his wife, wished some of Mrs. Denton's possessions buried.

Weeks passed, and nobody heard from Denton. Friends of his made queries at the South Catalina ave. house, and Mrs. Peete explained that he had been in an accident which had necessitated the amputation of his right arm.

"That's why nobody has received any letters," she said. "He can't write any letters."

On Aug. 2, Harry Woods, a friend of Denton, wrote a cousin at Oatman, Ariz.:

"Mr. Denton has met with an accident, involving the loss of his right arm. He turned over your rental checks to Mrs. L. L. Peete, who is in charge of his place in Los Angeles, but could not endorse same. Please make out new checks to Mrs. L. L. Peete and I will be responsible."

An investigator from the district attorney's office, Charles Jones, called on Mrs. Peete and said that a daughter of Denton, 16-year-old Frances Denton, was living in Phoenix, Ariz., had written to say that she had not heard from her father and wanted to know where she could reach him.

"I do not have Mr. Denton's present address," she replied.

He asked her about two of Denton's checks which she had cashed—one for \$100, the other for \$300. She explained that she had helped him write the checks after he injured his arm.

He suggested that she turn over Denton's papers to Russ Avery, a local lawyer who had handled much of Denton's legal work.

"I'll be very happy to," she said.

During August, Mrs. Peete visited Bullock's department store and bought two dresses costing \$195 and \$95, respectively. She represented herself as Mrs. Denton and charged them to Denton.

In September, she returned to Denver, and another tenant moved into the house.

On Sept. 23, Attorney Rush Blodgett, at the behest of the law firm of Hay & Allee, of Phoenix, went to the house with a private detective. They proceeded to the basement where they noticed that a cubicle under the stairs had been crudely nailed shut. The two dragged away a large empty phonograph packing case, pried open the door, and found a pile of dirt.



at times as a dental laboratory assistant, done various sewing jobs, written for the prison paper, and tended the flower garden.

Louise went from prison to a housekeeper's job in the Santa Monica home of Mrs. Margaret Logan, an elderly real estate agent who had been one of her parole sponsors.

The only other occupant of the house, Mrs. Logan's husband, Arthur, 63, was adjudged insane and paroled in 1911, and his wife, Mrs. Logan, was more than willing to care for the family's finances.

Louise now went by the name of Louise Logan. No one in the neighborhood knew her name.

One month later, Mrs. Logan filed a secret report to the parole board. Invariably she said that Louise did things to say about the fact that the fact of her interest in the house was doing fine.

In May, 1911, Louise married Leo Jordan Judson, a bank messenger three years her senior, but kept the matter secret. On June 2, 1911, Mrs. Logan vanished.

"She's gone away on a trip," Louise explained to Judson.

A few days later, Judson came upon a stained throw rug in the cellar. He brought it upstairs and showed it to Louise, saying: "Didn't this used to be in the living room?"

She took it from him rather hastily. "That's right. It needs cleaning. I had a nose bleed. Another day, he noticed she was wearing one of Mrs. Logan's dresses. "Isn't that dress?"

"Mrs. Logan gave it to me," she cut in. Several more days passed. Then Judson saw that a picture had been shifted to a new spot on the living room wall. He removed it and saw a small hole in the wall.

"Put that picture back!" Judson jumped. He hadn't heard Louise enter.

"This hole—," he began. "Haven't you noticed it before?" He shook his head. "Looks like a bullet hole. 'It is a bullet hole.'"

Judson gave another jump. "What?" "Mrs. Logan doesn't want anyone to know about it, but—" she lowered her voice—"that crazy husband of hers took a shot at her the other day. We'll have to get rid of him."

"Get rid of—? What do you mean?" "He'll have to be put away—soon."

Soon Mrs. Logan's neighbors began to wonder what had happened to her. Louise explained to them that she had been disfigured by her husband during a rage and had gone into retirement.

Later the plump parolee appeared at the psychopathic ward of the Los Angeles General Hospital, accompanied by Logan. She stated that she was a foster sister, and asked that he be committed to a state asylum. Her request was granted.

That fall, Louise had a retaining wall built in the backyard. She cautioned the workmen not to disturb the flower bed.

Arthur Logan died within a few weeks, on Dec. 6, and the asylum authorities sent a telegram to the Logan home. A letter in acknowledgment, signed "Logan," asked that the body be turned over to a medical school.

Another letter, similarly signed, asked that the asylum fill out a certificate of death "so that I can collect my husband's \$2,500 insurance."

Presently the insurance company found a discrepancy in signatures, and requested an investigation. Thus the police came to know the true identity of the woman in the Logan home.

ONE evening a week before Christmas, detectives from the district attorney's and sheriff's offices descended on the house, and within an hour uncovered a body under the flower bed. Mrs. Logan had been shot but the wound had not been fatal. Death had been caused by blows which crushed the back of her head.

At headquarters, where Louise was held under suspicion of murder and, her new husband, Judson, as a material witness, the erstwhile life-victor admitted that she had buried the body but denied that she had committed the killing.

She insisted that Logan had slain his wife in a homicidal frenzy, and that she had covered up the crime because she feared being suspected.

Once again she was indicted, tried and convicted, only this time she was sentenced to death (Judson, meanwhile, had been exonerated, and had given expression to his own feelings by jumping to his death from a 12-story building).

Louise Peete finally settled her debt to society, with all its compound interest, on April 11 in California's gas chamber at San Quentin.

The night before her execution she ate fried chicken, shoestring potatoes, avocado salad, pumpkin pie, coffee and hot chocolate. At bedtime, she drank a glass of buttermilk.

She slept fitfully, but without sodatives. She drank only a cup of coffee for her last breakfast.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

Under the Stairs

Part II of Louise's story reveals the fledgling in full career as a bird of prey.

In the spring of 1920, Jacob Denton, a Los Angeles promoter recently widowed, advertised that he wished to rent, furnished, his fine house in the Wilshire district.

Among those who answered the ad was a woman who said she was Mrs. Louise Peete.

Denton explained that he had recently lost his wife, and had since found the house too lonely for endurance. He intended to go east on a business trip, he went on, and would like to rent the place for \$75 a month.

In some manner never explained, Mrs. Peete rented the house for \$75, although it developed later that Denton never did sign the lease.

SHE began to move in with her five-year-old daughter on May 26, before Denton had a chance to move out himself, her first task being to take an inventory of the furnishings, assisted by Denton's niece, Mrs. Oda Aument.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Peete, estranged wife of Richard Peete, a Denver, Col., salesman, had invited a friend, Mrs. Ida L. Gregory, assistant to Denver's Juvenile Court Judge Ben Lindsey, to spend the summer with her in the mansion on South Catalina ave. Mrs. Gregory, who was in Los Angeles at the time, expected to move in with her own daughter on June 1.

However, Mrs. Gregory had to postpone her moving day, for Mrs. Peete phoned her that the inventory had not yet been completed, and that Mr. Denton had not yet finished packing.

Also, he'd been worried about a telephone call, and had to delay his trip east.

"Make it the 2d," she suggested. "In the afternoon. By that time, he'll be gone."

When Mrs. Gregory arrived on the 2d, Denton was, as the new occupant had said, gone.

Early that June, Mrs. Peete hired a gardener,

In this dirt they found Jacob Denton's body. He had been shot and strangled, his body had been tied with innumerable strands of cord, then swathed in a bed quilt.

The right arm was uninjured.

Investigator Jones interviewed Louise Peete in Denver, and she agreed to return to Los Angeles. En route, at Cajon Pass in California, two deputies met the party—Mrs. Peete, her husband, daughter and Jones—and persuaded Mrs. Peete to leave the train. Peete had wanted her to proceed to Ontario, Calif.; instead she agreed to accompany Deputies Bill Doran and Ray Turney to a nearby ranch with the rest of the party.

The deputies asked some questions and listened attentively as Mrs. Peete told various stories to explain her profit from Denton's estate.

In Los Angeles, Mrs. Peete asserted she did not believe the body found in the basement had been that of Jacob Denton at all. She advanced the theory that this was someone Denton had slain, and that Denton had vanished to escape the consequences of his crime.

Held on a charge of wilful murder and indicted, Mrs. Peete went on trial early in January, 1921. Not caring to be questioned about her past life, she did not take the stand in her own defense.

At any rate, the trial ended in a verdict of guilty and a sentence of life imprisonment.

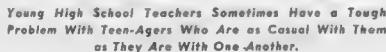
She vanished from the stage of events and entered San Quentin Prison. When the California Institution for Women was opened at Tehachapi in 1936, she was transferred to that prison.

Peete, meanwhile, had withdrawn a suit for a divorce after her arrest, but sued anew the next year. The convicted killer was quoted as saying that she wanted him to have his freedom so that he could marry again.

Part III begins in 1939 with Louise's release from prison on parole, after serving 18 years. In prison, Denton had behaved herself, worked



Percy T. Howe, official



How are teacher-pupil relations in your high school? Can they be improved? If so, how? Write your ideas to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York, 7, N. Y.

Should you kiss each other goodnight?
Write in and tell us what you think.

Grand, too, to help soften up steaming corns and calluses. Get foot-happy today the easy Ice-Ment way. At drug and department stores. Get Ice-Ment today.





Here's the quick easy way to take hair off closer, keep it off longer, and avoid razor-stubble and scrapes

Without danger of nicking you can now remove unsightly hair in 5 short minutes normally. And it's so easy when you use the new improved NEET with Lanolin Gets hair off closer to the follicle, too, to keep your skin satin-smooth and hair-free longer. Look s-m-o-o-t-h in your sheers! Nylons! Get the new pleasantly-scented Neet Cream Hair Remover today! At leading drugstores.

New Improved

Neet Cream HAIR REMOVER
Now with lanolin



"Artistic Hair Styling" by Sally Young in this issue gives you some very helpful suggestions about hair coloring and styling.

Fast FOOT RELIEF

To quickly relieve corns, sore toes, calluses, tender spots, blisters, insect bites, chafed heels—use this superior type, flesh color mole-skin—Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. Prevents blisters, itchy sores in bath. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Department and Life Stores.

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

July 6, 1917

Letters to the Editor

Reward for Genius

Watervliet, N. Y.

Dr. Robert A. Millikan, the Nobel Prize winner who wrote your recent "Brains of Young America," needn't worry about the anti-monopoly group sniping our patent system. The Supreme Court has ruled that a patent is not a form of legalized monopoly, since monopoly entails depriving the public of something it already has. The public must never have had a patentable item, or else it couldn't have been patented.

However, records show that basic patents usually take 21 years to reach public favor. I think we should reward basic patents with more than 21 years franchise, then, to be fair to the genius who can originate whole new industries.

George Bonadio

Collector's Item

Lowell, Mass.

I have been collecting your "Pin-Up Girls of History" series, by John Erskine, as background material for my course on The History of Western Civilization.

I have Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Lady Hamilton, Mme. Pompadour, Salome, Nell Gwyn, Mme. Du Barry, and all the others, but find I am missing Lucretia Borgia (as posed by Linda Darnell).

Would it be possible for me to obtain a copy?

Theresa Gagnon

(Student Gagnon has been sent a copy of John Erskine's story and Henry Clive's painting of the infamous Lucretia.—Ed)

No Problem at All

Philadelphia, Pa.

Reading the letter in your column from Mrs. D. W. T., entitled "One World," made me sad to think her husband's parents won't accept her because of her Spanish ancestry.

On a son, on shore duty in Honolulu for the Navy, met a Hawaiian girl out there. He married her, and though we never met the girl, we accepted her because she is the wife of our son and mother of our two-month-old granddaughter. We pray their marriage will be a happy one.

Mrs. M. A. N.

Cotton Sack Fashions

Clifton, Ariz.

In reference to your recent article on cotton sack fashions, I'd like to tell you what I've done with them in my own home. I have a girl, 5, and a boy, 8, and have made shirts, dresses, play suits, shorts and

housers out of cotton sacks for the youngsters. I have the prettiest white bedspread made of the same material.

All my friends have asked about it, and several are now making things out of cotton sacks themselves. I also make a lot of my own clothes that way, and with the nice compliments I get from my husband and friends, I swell with pride. Who wouldn't?

We have chickens, pigeons and rabbits, and I use the sacks containing the feed we get for the animals. I save every one. Oh yes, all my tea towels are made of white sacks, too. I never let one go to waste.

Mrs. Maxine Troutman

Memories

Ithaca, Mich.

Your article on Aunt Kate Johnson, 106-year-old "Old Lady of the Ozarks," was especially interesting to our family, because we lived in Jasper County, Mo., for many years. My wife is a Missourian by birth, and can recall many of the early thrills and tragedies which occurred there in the early pioneer days when wagons and trains moved westward on what is now "Route 66," the "main street of America."

Between the James boys and the Indians and the cattle rustlers and horse thieves, those early settlers were kept busy. My wife's father and family were born in Jasper County, and died there as well.

I am very much enthused with The American Weekly and its historical stories.

E. G. Dintaman

Balanced Diet

Le Roy, N. Y.

The 12 basic interests of your editorial policy are proving out. You are realizing the balanced diet of reading matter for which you strive. Each succeeding issue of The American Weekly shows improvement. It must give your organization great satisfaction to see its labors in the interest of fair play, freedom of religion and freedom of the press bearing healthy fruit... and another thing—I recall many scientific articles in your magazine that seemed fantastic when they were first published. Today they are realities. This is further proof of your far-sightedness.

Charles Groff

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 61 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Heartbreaks of Society

LOUISE WHITE was a young and lovely member of the New York social set. She had position, money and the urge to act on her impulses. She made up her mind, at the age of 14, to marry one of her socialite friends, Walter Lispenard Suydam, Jr.

How she realized this ambition and then got the impulse to leave her young husband for a plumber's son—without benefit of divorce—and tragically end this bad bargain is told in next week's magazine.

The story of Louise White, dramatically related by Gene Coughlin, is the first of a series of moving real-life tragedies to be pre-

sented under the title "Heartbreaks of Society." All of these stories were nine-day sensations when they happened. They contain all the elements of mystery and tragedy.

IF YOU'RE the maternal type, you'll find much to think about in an article called "Don't Let Baby Be a Dictator" in our next issue. The author—Mrs. Evelyn Barkins—is the wife of a doctor and the mother of three fine and healthy youngsters.

But she has some surprising notions about bringing up children and shows how mothers need not be slaves to their offspring.

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!



Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film



• Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. • Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. • Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! • Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! • Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! • Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! • Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!



"Wonder if she knows what I want next?"

"Mom's pretty good, so I'm sure she won't forget the wonderful Mennen Oil I love!"

Millions of mothers remember every day to give their baby's tender skin the extra benefits of a Mennen Baby Oil smooth-down! Golden Mennen Baby Oil gives baby extra protection after bath and diaper change... because it's antiseptic. That's why over 3000 hospitals buy and use it to protect the delicate skin of newborn babies.

Give your baby this same special care... Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil to help prevent dry,

chapped skin, diaper rash and many other baby skin discomforts.

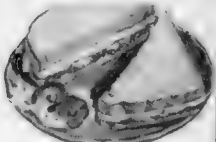
Mennen is gentle—it helps keep baby's skin smooth and healthy. For grown-ups, too! Baby's safe, gentle Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil is the ideal sun tan oil! It helps screen out the sun's scorching rays, gives you a faster, more even tan.

You'll like the feel of this mild oil. It's non-sticky! Lubricates your skin, helps keep it smooth and soft. Cool and soothing. Have Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil in your beach bag always!

Mennen Baby Oil... Baby Powder

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 25

RECIPE ROW featuring PABST-ETT and other PHENIX foods



Pabst-ett and Relish Sandwich
Whole wheat bread Lettuce
Pabst-ett Tomato relish
Pickle slices

Spread a slice of whole wheat bread with delicious Pabst-ett Cheese Food, cover with lettuce and another slice of bread which has been spread with tomato relish. Garnish each sandwich with pickle slices in a tiny lettuce cup.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Brighten your children's menus with Pabst-ett's mellow cheddar cheese flavor. Pabst-ett melts into

rich, golden sauces... blends smoothly into soups, cereals and macaroni dishes. Spread it on crackers for after-school snacks... slice into neat wedges, when chilled, and serve with fruits or pies. Pabst-ett is highly nourishing, easy to digest. Serve both delicious varieties: Golden Cheddar (in yellow package), Pimento Pabst-ett (in red package).

Other Phenix Menu Hints

Serving pie or fruit for dessert? Doubly delicious with slices of Phenix Process American Cheese. Company coming? Treat them to Phenix Cream and Cheese Spread—7 delicious varieties. Family hungry for cheese food treats? Get the economical two-pound Phenix Tatty Leaf. You'll find PABST-ETT quality in all PHENIX foods.

Phenix Pabst-ett Company, Chicago 90



BABY'S SKIN DISCOMFORT RELIEVED IN 3 DAYS!

"I had to hold him all the time because of the awful itching," writes a Lynchburg, Va., mother. Then someone suggested scientifically medicated Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In 3 days' time "you wouldn't believe he was the same baby." For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-177, Malden 48, Mass.

Household Almanac - Amy Alden

FILLERS FOR Boy Scouts

Hungry Boy Scouts Wind Up at the Campfire and Start Preparations for a Good Hasty Meal.



HERE are some ideas for outdoor meals for back yard camping, overnight hikes or rainy day kitchen feasts that will please Junior (and even his Dad on a fishing trip).

What's more, you don't have to be a blue ribbon cook to make these lusty dishes. Just follow these easy directions. You will find them not only good fun, but good eating. More fun if everybody lends a helping hand.

If your crowd is extra hungry do not forget to tuck some potatoes into the coals to roast while things are fixing.

Barbecued Frankfurter Rolls

- 2 tbsps. fat or salad oil
- 1/2 cup minced onion
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 2 tbsps. granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 3 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce
- 3 tbsps. catchup
- 2 tbsps. vinegar
- 1 frankfurter
- 1 frankfurter rolls

Melt fat, add onion, and simmer tender. Then add next 7 ingredients. Make a lengthwise slit 3" long through the center of each frankfurter. Secure on a green stick or a holder, hold over hot coals and alternately baste with the sauce and turn to brown all sides. About 6 min. does the trick. Or arrange in a baking pan, slit side up, and pour sauce over all. Place pan on grill over hot coals, turning frankfurters often in the sauce to season on all sides.

If you have to stay indoors try cooking them this way: Bake in a moderate oven of 350° F., 20 min., basting several times. Make a slit in each roll, butter lightly and toast. Place a frankfurter with some sauce in each roll. Serves 4.

Hikers Hamburgers

- 1 lb. round steak, ground
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup butter or fortified margarine
- 8 hamburger rolls
- 2 large tomatoes
- 1 large Bermuda onion
- Lettuce

Combine steak, salt and pepper, and form into 8 thin patties. Broil hamburgers. Split, butter, and lightly toast rolls. Place hamburger on half a toasted roll; top with a tomato slice, then an onion slice, and then a leaf of lettuce. Top with other half of the roll. Serves 8.

Barbecued Chicken

- 1 peeled small onion, minced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/2 cup fat or salad oil
- 2 tbsps. salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- Dash cayenne
- 2 tbsps. water
- 2 cups tomato juice
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 2 to 3-lb. broilers or fryers

First cook onion and gar-

lic slowly in the fat until tender but not brown—about 5 min. Mix salt, mustard, paprika, brown sugar, chili powder, and cayenne to a smooth paste with the 2 tbsps. water. Stir into onion. Add tomato juice, 1/2 cup water, and lemon juice. Boil uncovered 10-15 min.

Then arrange the chickens on a broiler rack or on a rack over the coals. To keep the meat moist begin at most at once to baste with the sauce.

Broil 30-45 min. or until tender, turning frequently. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Roasted Corn

Remove coarse outer husks and loosen inner husks, removing silk carefully; trim ear if necessary. Brush kernels generously with garlic butter or fortified margarine. Tie inner husks into their original position, and lay on grill above glowing coals. Turn frequently. It will take from 10 to 25 minutes to roast the corn.

To prepare "garlic butter" slice 3 or 4 cloves of garlic and add to 1/2 lb. soft butter or margarine. Mix well and let stand at room temperature an hour or longer, stirring occasionally.

Grilled Trout

Clean fish, remove heads and tails. Then brush both inside and outside with melted fat, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange on greased broiler or grill, over steady coals. Broil for 5 min. on one side; turn and broil about 4 min. longer or until fish is tender and easily flaked from

bones. Brush with melted fat while broiling.

Lemonade

1 cup granulated

5 cups water

1 cup lemon juice

Skins of 3 lemons

Combine sugar, 1 cup water, and skins left after squeezing lemon juice. Simmer, covered, 6 min. Cool. Squeeze out skins and discard. Add lemon juice and remaining 1 cups water. Sparkling water may be substituted for this water. Serve well cooled with lemon slice garnish. Serves 15. Corn syrup may replace half the sugar.

Campfire Biscuits

Take along some ordinary biscuit dough. Pinch off pieces and pull out each one into a narrow strip about 10 inches long. Cut a long, green stick and wrap a strip of dough in a spiral around end of stick. Hold this over hot coals, keep turning so it will not burn, but is nicely browned all over.

If you are going out into the country for a longer trip, here is the way some of the Scouts used to make a pit for cooking one of those complete feeds, like the recipe given here.

Scout Jack's Imu

A hole is dug about 2 feet square and deep, and lined with stones. The stones are covered with kindling and small twigs and sticks, then a good sized pile of hard wood is stacked crosswise, or crisscross. Let that burn

for about an hour, or until the embers are glowing and the stones are good and hot. Then clear out the embers quickly, and spread over the stones a thick layer of clean sweet leaves—on this lay a side of pork, or a cut of pork large enough for your crowd. Tuck in sweet potatoes, a few onions and lots of corn on the cob, sticking cobs down in the corners and around. Then cover all with more sweet clean leaves. More stones are laid on top. Two heavy sacks dipped in clean water are laid over all, covered with more stones and left. It is done to a turn in two hours, but it can be left for three or four hours, and it's all the sweeter.

Clam Ham Onion Pie

- 1 quart cooked, cubed potatoes
- 8 medium onions, sliced
- 1 tsp. butter or margarine
- 1 cup ham, cubed
- 1/2 cup celery, chopped
- 1 cup clams, minced (canned)
- 1 cup clam liquid plus milk to fill cup
- 1 tsp. flour
- Pepper and salt

Mix all these together, season to taste. Place in covered pot. Over ingredients put small cut-out biscuits, or wedge shaped pieces of biscuit dough. Bake about 20 min. in a hot oven, then have some sliced tomatoes to eat with the pie.

Potato Dumplings

A favorite stew with potato dumplings, made like this:

Beat till soft and fluffy a piece of butter the size of a walnut, then stir in the yolks of 2 eggs, slightly beaten, 1/2 cup fine bread crumbs, 1/2 cup cooked mashed potatoes. Season with salt and pepper, a bit of nutmeg. Fold in beaten egg whites, drop from a spoon into the simmering stew; keep covered for 15 min. These are swell.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 184, Grand Central Annex, New York 17. N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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ALMANAC RECIPES

- (A) 7-Day Diet
- (160) Traveler's Hanger Diet
- (161) Famous Recipes
- (162) New England Recipes
- (163) Andy Recipes
- (164) Quick Hot Breads
- (165) Pancakes and Roll-Ups
- (166) Casserole Recipes
- (167) Quickly Prepared Meals
- (168) Good Curry Recipes
- (169) Favorite Mexican Recipes
- (170) Foreign Recipes
- (171) Almanac Bread & Rolls
- (172) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
- (173) Cakes; Breads
- (174) Favorite Almanac Cakes
- (175) New Cakes
- (180) Desserts and Sweets
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- (182) Fles and Pies
- (183) Favorite Soup Recipes
- (184) Meat for Family Meals
- (185) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
- (186) Delicious Vegetables
- (187) Almanac Potato Recipes
- (188) Popular Salad Recipes
- (189) Salads and Dressings
- (190) Almanac Cookies
- (191) New Cookies
- (192) Almanac Pickle Recipes
- (193) Keep Cool Dinner Dishes
- (194) Almanac Preserves Recipes
- (195) Canning, Drying Recipes
- (196) Beer Drinks & Desserts

"You're making a mistake so many husbands make!"

PLEADED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"I'M not making any mistakes—not me!" roared Elmer, the bull. "It's your precious Borden's that's making the mistake."

"But, sweetheart—," protested Elsie.

"Don't sweetheart me, woman!" bellowed Elmer. "Here—cast your eyes over Borden's



Annual Report! *Figures, figures, figures*—I tell you, no one can make head or tail of 'em. I'm going in and make Borden's explain 'em or eat 'em!"

"Now, dear," soothed Elsie, "you're making a mistake so many husbands make. You're looking only at the figures—and there's more than figures in this Borden report. It's clear as the ring in your nose to anyone who'll look *beyond* the figures."

"What do you take me for," flared Elmer, "a blooming crystal gazer?"

"You don't have to be a crystal gazer, dear," smiled Elsie, "to see that this figure of \$543,000,000 is the *value* of goods supplied to Borden's customers. In other words, Borden's really did a grand service for millions of folks—provided them with oodles and oodles of delicious, health-



Elsie. "Think about Borden's more than 31,000 employees."

"I don't have to think," snorted Elmer, "to know that the reason those thousands of guys are working is to support their gadding wives and rug-cutting kids!"

"You're wonderful, Elmer!" giggled Elsie.



"But you should also know that Borden's provides good jobs and incomes for all those workers—and they aren't all 'guys,' either; some of them are women!"

"Women!" groaned Elmer. "Women get into everything. I'll bet one of them had something to do with this Borden report."

"Oh, thousands and thousands of them, dear," said Elsie.

"If you're pulling my horn, woman," threatened Elmer, "I'll—"

"Indeed, I'm not," replied Elsie. "I was just looking beyond another figure in Borden's report. The one about the 49,000 stockholders who own Borden's—amazingly, nearly half of *them* are women."

"You mean to tell me a bunch of women own this Borden outfit?" asked Elmer. "That's all, sister! Borden's will never make good."

"But, darling," cried Elsie, "Take a look at what Borden's *is* doing. It's not only serving consumers, farmers, and employees—it's paying



dividends to stockholders—their 'wages' for financing the business."

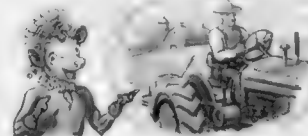
"And I'll bet," blustered Elmer, "the stockholders are doing all right!"

"Certainly they are, Elmer," smiled Elsie. "But don't forget—for every dollar Borden's paid to stockholders, employees got almost *ten* dollars, and farmers got over *thirty* dollars."

"Stuff my ears with greenbacks!" groaned Elmer. "You sound like a walky-talky Borden's Annual Report."

"Then I must sound very good," laughed Elsie. "And I *should*. I'm Elsie, the Borden Cow, and you know—if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

© The Borden Company



ful, nourishing food. Things like Borden's Fine Cheeses, Hemo, Instant Coffee, Ice Cream and—"

"Save the advertising talk, Mrs. King Solomon the Wise!" snapped Elmer. "I can see food. What I can't see is any sense in dollar signs and numbers."

"Here's a number," brightly pointed out Elsie, "that certainly should make sense to *you*: more than \$290,000,000 paid to farmers. You see, that means that Borden's went out and found customers for the produce of thousands of farmers—not only milk, but fruits and eggs and soy beans and suchlike. And Borden's is working every day to make the farmers' market bigger and bigger."

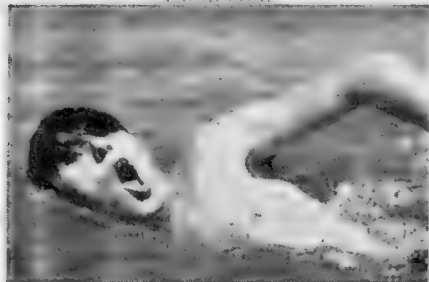
"STOP where you are!" commanded Elmer. "It doesn't say all those things in my report."

"Forget the report for a minute, angel," said



**THE SPOTLIGHT'S
ON... THE
ONE WITH**

**TENDER
BEEF
ADDED!**

EXERCISE, IT'S WONDERFUL. (Or don't you think so?)
At home, you're smart to follow the example of many top athletes and eat Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Satisfying nourishment in a big bowlful. Also, these whole wheat flakes have famous "second-helpings" flavor.

**New England sends you
Delicious Old-Time Flavor**

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The Epicure

DELICIOUS CORN DISHES
By EREM KURTZ

I AM a great fan of that native American food—corn. (You will understand that I am not speaking musically.) Because corn isn't eaten much in Europe, it was a wonderful discovery for me when I first came to the United States. I love it just cooked on the cob with plenty of butter or in all its variations. Here are two of my favorite corn dishes. Canned or fresh corn may be used.

Corn Rarebit

- 1 deep, buttered butter
- 2 cups grated cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned or grated fresh corn
- 1 green pepper
- 1 egg yolk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato purée
- 1 tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. paprika
- 3 slices toast

Melt butter in saucepan. When it is melted, stir in the grated cheese until it is also melted. Add the corn and the green pepper. Stir. Add the egg yolk, tomato purée, salt and pepper. Pour over the five slices of toast and serve hot.

Corn Fritters

- 1 cup water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- 2 tbsps. butter
- 1 cup flour
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups creamed corn

To make the batter, boil the cup of water, putting into it the salt, sugar and butter. Then work in the flour, stirring until you have a dry, smooth paste. Now take the mixture off the fire, cool slightly and add the eggs one at a time, mixing thoroughly. Mix in the corn. The dough should be fried in moderately hot



Erem Kurtz, Head of the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Has Conducted Almost Every Major Symphony Orchestra in the World.

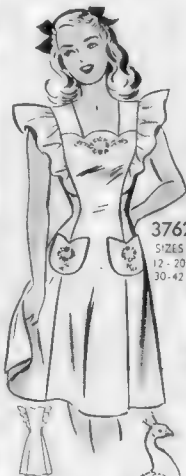
deep fat. Drop into the fat by spoonfuls and fry until fritters are golden brown.

New England Succotash

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked corn, whole kernel or creamed
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked lima beans
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light cream
- 2 tbsps. dried salt pork
- Salt and pepper

Add cooked lima beans to corn, mix and season with salt and pepper. Simmer, covered, until tender. Drain and add the pork to the corn and lima beans. Simmer five minutes and serve hot.

"Sew" Easy



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WE'RE GOING
ON A PICNIC!**

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EVERYBODY WILL LIKE?



**WELL, SUE,
HERE'S MY
PICNIC
FAVORITE...**

A BIG TUNA SALAD, WITH
LOTS OF DICED CELERY
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SWEET PICKLES IN IT!



Easy to prepare and economical, it's just one of scores of ways these famous brands of **quality** tuna will help you solve the problem of summertime meals, outdoors and in!

Always delicate and delicious, because only the tender **light** meat is packed... these **quality** tunas are a hearty, but **not** a heavy food... ideal for many summer meals, both **hot** and **cold**!

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Hold Your Hair-do UP without lacquer!



Protect your hair-do from straggling musing, by spraying with HAIR MIST. It disappears into hair, unlike lacquer, it doesn't make hair brittle, won't flake off. There's nothing like HAIR MIST to keep every hair in place. Harmless. Fragrant. Used by Stars. Hair Stylists in every Hollywood Movie Studio, and exclusive Ann Meredith's Beauty Salon in Beverly Hills, where famous stars of film and stage get HAIR MIST sprayed on to hold up elaborate hair-do. Over 2 1/2 million bottles sold in last 5 years! FREE Plastic Atomizer with each bottle. Get it at beauty salons, drug and department stores or mail \$1 plus 20c tax (we pay postage) to 645 North Martel Ave., Hollywood 36, Calif.



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An entirely different idea of monthly sanitary protection—see the benefits it leads to

The Tampax "difference" is a major one—for this is an internal absorbent. It is so designed that it serves the same purpose as the external type of monthly sanitary protection with only a small fraction of its bulk.... Invented by a doctor for use without belts, pins or external pads, Tampax is made throughout of highly absorbent cotton. Dainty applicators make insertion easy and the Tampax is invisible and unfelt when in place.... How free you will feel! No bulk to hamper you—nothing to chafe or show an edge-line—no odor—no need to remove in bath. Changing is quick; disposal easy.... Three absorbencies—Regular, Super and Junior. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. Handy to carry—month's supply fits into purse. Economy Box holds 4 month's supply (average). Start using this month. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



IF I COULD ONLY SLEEP!



744 MILES NERVINE

NEXT TIME you feel nervous and upset, try Miles Nervine. This scientific combination of mild sedatives can help calm your nerves and permit sound, refreshing sleep; can help relieve nervous headache. Caution: use only as directed. Your druggist will be glad to sell you Miles Nervine. Effervescent tablets 30c and 75c. Liquid Nervine 25c and \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Free regular small size package. Write Miles Laboratories, Inc., Department 767, Elkhart, Indiana.

Read "Shopping Sense" in this issue.



ARTISTIC Hair Styling

By Sally Young

HAIR STYLING as an art has much in common with sculpturing, it seems to us, for the inspired coiff, four must outline and balance his creation as skillfully as the sculptor. So when an Italian art student turns coiffeur, because his teacher's ineptitude at hair combing annoyed him, it should make for an unusually happy combination. And it does in the case of New York's Harry D'Amico.

This sculptor-hairdresser works not only with the hair and face, but with a person as a whole, including the bonnet. Perhaps you would like to know some of his principles for your own guidance.

Are you broad-hipped, narrow-shouldered? Then never, never, says D'Amico, style your hair high so that you look like a triangle. Are you petite and dainty? Keep your hair in character.

D'Amico then considers the hairline and the set of the ears. Make the most of interesting points and peaks, he advises. An irregularity, properly handled, may become an asset. Try the part in various places, none of which need be orthodox.

MOST important of all, according to Mr. D'Amico, let your coiffure express your personality. Gay? Curly perhaps. Serious? Formulate your coiff. Sophisticated? Make it severe. What is your occupation—housewife, office worker, politician, movie star? Whom are you trying to please—the mirror, the neighbors, your husband?

HAIR coloring is an integral part of your personality and hair-do, says

this expert. And just because nature blessed (or unblessed) you with the color you now have is no reason to think that color is best for you. Often, D'Amico contends, hair fades because of physical or acid conditions. And then, not to do something about it is to fail to make the most of your potentialities. Maybe your hair needs only a good shampoo to bring out lovely highlights. Or a rinse.

Naturally, if you want to change the color of your hair, a rinse is not enough and at this point you should have only the best scientific expert advice available in your locality. Remember this: Blond or red hair does not go with all complexions, and in such cases, shades of brown may be much more preferable.

THERE is a new attitude today about gray hair. Women are less and less inclined to touch it up because they know that natural hair is more becoming. However, there are many good tints and rinses on the market which wash off with each shampoo. This is a personal problem to be decided by you and a good hairdresser or specialist.

VIGOROUS brushing is, of course, important to keep hair healthy and lustrous. Brush it conscientiously every day, from the scalp to the very ends—and let the bristles of the brush touch the scalp to rouse circulation.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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BEAUTY

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|--|---|
| ☐ (1) Skin Care | ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair |
| ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide | ☐ (7) Head Care |
| ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes | ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet |
| ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure | ☐ (9) Loss or Gain by Exercise |
| ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs | ☐ (10) Bathing Superficially |



Are you sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection 24 hours of every day? Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but...

It gives you the exclusive EXTRA protection of HALGENE... the new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.

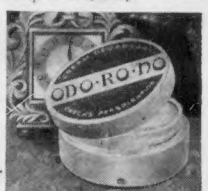
One application of Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

Does not irritate. So safe—can be used after shaving.

Stays creamy-smooth to the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

Greaseless. Odorono leaves no sticky film. Protects dresses from perspiration stain and odor.

Odorono gives 21 more applications from a 3oz jar than other leading brands. Savings on 10c and 50c sizes, too. (Odorono comes in liquid form, also.)



24-hour protection with Odorono Cream

HEADACHE UPSET STOMACH JUMPY NERVES

Bromo-Seltzer fights ordinary headache three ways: (1) Relieves pain of headache (2) Relieves discomfort of upset stomach (3) Quiets jumpy nerves... which may team up to cause trouble. Caution: Use as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Co. since 1887.

THANKS TO FAMOUS BROMO-SELTZER

FRED MACMURRAY

puts a hearty "Okay" on

QUAKER Puffed Wheat SPARKIES

**"Wheat Shot from Guns makes
a Mighty Welcome Breakfast"**



Co-Starring in
"SINGAPORE"
A Universal-International Picture



FRED: Hello there, Mr. Quaker. You know I've always been partial to good breakfast eating. That's why I'm such an ardent fan of your wheat shot from guns.

QUAKER MAN: That we like to hear, Fred. And you have a lot of company, because more folks are enjoying Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies for breakfast today than ever before. That's because quality is the most important thing about a food. And only the premium grains of wheat are selected for Sparkies. Then these choice premium grains are shot from guns, actually exploded to 8 times normal size. So they come out big plump glorified breakfast grains the whole family loves.



FRED: A man could drum up an appetite just looking at those grains!

QUAKER MAN: Yes, Fred, Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies with some milk and fruit makes a delicious breakfast. But folks should remember this—to get the original, crisp, fresh Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies, always look for the big red and blue Quaker package. It's never sold in bags or bulk. What's more, Sparkies has the additional food value of natural grain amounts of Vitamin B₁, Niacin and Iron restored. So for the best, insist on Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies.

Enjoy Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies, too!



QUICK HENRY,
THE FLIT!



Don't worry about where they come from—use FLIT on 'em. FLIT kills roaches, waterbugs, beetles—FLIT also works sure death on flies, moths, ants, gnats and bedbugs. FLIT is fast—stainless when used as directed. Never be without FLIT. Get it today.

FLIT

IMPROVED WITH DDT
KILLS roaches, mosquitoes, flies

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WINNER!
SPAM DINNER

Grill your Spam and serve with lima and hot buttered baked potato. The people's choice!

HORMEL



To New Mothers

Give your baby quick relief from the fiery itching of Diaper Rash . . . Dry Eczema Chafing . . . Prickly Heat Rash. Just smooth on soothing, medicated Resinol. Generations of mothers have used this bland, quick-acting ointment for baby's skin comfort. Let their experience help you to keep your baby happy. For bathing use mild Resinol Soap.

RESINOL

Keep Your Beauty

Beautiful hair—beautiful lips—beautiful figure! Well, keep yourself that way. Reprints of The American Weekly articles which tell you how to help keep your beauty are available. See the box in this issue that tells you how to get them.



July 6, 1947



SHOPPING SENSE

By Doris Denison

AN experienced shopper knows the secret of getting good value for her money. It isn't always luck! One of the things she does to slick up her technique is to obtain as much basic information about an article as she possibly can before she goes out to buy.

Whether your current interest is a refrigerator, pressure cooker, umbrella, or sheets and towels, this good foundation of up-to-date information will help you to know exactly what points to look for when you examine the article in the store. You can quickly spot the features which are likely to be poorly fashioned in a shoddy article and carefully handled in a well made one.

What You Can Do

BECOMING a good shopper is an art which you can learn by experience, by reading, and by discussion. What a thrill it is to come home from a long day of shopping, open your parcels, and be delighted with your finds of the day instead of wondering why they "looked so much better in the store."

Here is some basic information about sheets. Facts about other items will appear from time to time.

Label Information

A GOOD sheet label will tell the number of threads per inch, breaking strength, weight and amount of sizing, width and length of sheet before hemming. The number of threads to each square inch indicates the type of sheet. Light weight muslin sheets are type 112; medium weight, type 128; heavy weight, type 140. Medium weight muslin sheets are recommended for general household use, heavy weight

as best for hardest wear. Percale sheets are made of finer yarn than muslin, and are therefore smoother and softer. Type 180 is made in two different grades, the better grade being made of combed yarn. Finest quality percale sheets have 200 threads or more to each square inch and are made of finest all combed yarns.

The type of sheet you select will depend on your household budget and the purpose you need it for. Sheets bought for summer camping will naturally differ from those you buy for your guest room.

Sheets should be large enough to provide sufficient tuck-in for the greatest sleeping comfort and to protect mattress and blankets. Standard widths run 63 inches for a single bed, 72 inches for a three-quarter bed, and 81 or 90 inches for a double bed.

Examination

HOLD a corner of the sheet up to the light before buying to spot imperfections in the weave and to check on the evenness of weave.

A good sheet has a firm close weave, a smooth finish, strong tape selvage, and good workmanship.

Rub the sheet between your fingers. If a fine powder sifts out, there is too much sizing present and the sheet will be sleazy after washing. The amount of sizing may vary from one percent in high grade sheets to 25 percent in low grade sheets.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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HOUSEHOLD

- (21) Electric Equipment Care
- (22) Easy Laundering
- (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- (24) How to Braid a Hair Rug
- (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- (31) How to Make Lampshades
- (32) Streamline Closets
- (33) Make Your Own Rugs
- (34) Dressing Table Covers
- (35) Dining Room Leaflets
- (36) Sew Right

Harsh laxatives?—No!

If you have trouble keeping regular, think twice before you resort to harsh laxatives—which irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition!



Just Lemon and Water when you first get up



Most people find that the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—when taken daily first thing on arising—insures prompt, normal elimination day after day. Not a purgative, lemon and water simply helps your system regulate itself.

—it's healthful!

It aids digestion—supplies vitamins—and alkalizes too.

Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C; and they also supply valuable amounts of B₁ and P. Over 12,000,000 now take lemons for health.



KEEP REGULAR THIS HEALTHFUL WAY!

Lemon and water helps the system function normally. It gives best results when taken every day. Give it time to prove its value and establish regularity for you. Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has just enough tang to be refreshing—clears the mouth, wakes you up. Take it every morning—first thing on arising.

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON



IN A GLASS OF WATER



FIRST THING ON ARISING



California Sunkist Lemons



LEMON and WATER

—first thing on arising

SUNBURN?

that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty" the MENTHOLATUM TWINS

We cool... soothe...



...ease smarting pain!

Quick MENTHOLATUM

When your skin feels like it's on fire, quick! reach for cooling Mentholum containing two fast-acting ingredients, comforting Camphor and minty Menthol. Ah-h—what blessed relief as its gentle medicated action quickly comforts sore, sun-

scared skin. And as it cools and soothes, Mentholum helps promote faster healing of your skin. Remember—sunburn is a burn and should be treated with a medicated unguent. Always keep medicated Mentholum handy.

ALSO RELIEVES MINOR INSECT BITES, AND SKIN IRRITATIONS, DRY, CRACKED LIPS

Ends Forever these 4 Shaving Nuisances!



1 Ends Nuisance No. 1 like this...
No blades to unwrap. No cut fingers. To change blades insert the Auto-Push, pull...click, click! Keen new blade is automatically locked in correct position instantly!

2 Ends Nuisance No. 2 like this...
No time wasted. Nationwide tests have proved EVERSHARP gives cleaner, smoother, more comfortable shaves—faster!

3 Ends Nuisance No. 3 like this...
Patented guard bar helps prevent skin irritation. Makes no-nick shaving easy—even under nose and around lips.

4 Ends Nuisance No. 4 like this...
Nothing to take apart or put together. To clean your EVERSHARP—just rinse under the faucet, shake and put away.

FASTER—SAFER—CLEANER!
No other razor matches its ease and speed!

Get next to this razor, mister, and enjoy a wonderful new shaving experience!

What a difference there is—shaving with an EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR! You actually breeze through from start to finish—from the moment you inject a keener-than-ever blade in your Eversharp until the last bit of lather's off. And your face feels cleaner, cooler, more refreshed than ever before! Sound too good to be true? Try it, and see for yourself!

RAZOR \$1.00
20 BLADES75
TOTAL \$1.75

SPECIAL

\$1²⁵ WITH 20
BLADES

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EVERSHARP
SCHICK *INJECTOR*
RAZOR



Push! Pull—
Click! Click!
Blade changes
automatically.